

## He's Glowing

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## He's Glowing

by [Dayglade](#)

### Summary

\*\*The pregnancy arc continuation of He's So Pretty! Might not make sense without context but by all means, new readers welcome!\*\*

### Notes

Please read the tags holy fuck please read the tags.

Also hi! Welcome back to my omegaverse! How have you been? cool.

So yeah, this is legit just the mpreg arc continuation of my other fic. We got the smut, the angst and the tiddies so hope you enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## And so it begins

"I'm going to be sick."

"Oh come on now."

"No, seriously Dream. I'm so nervous, I'm literally going to be sick."

"George, I swear to god if you-"

Dream was abruptly cut off by the sudden opening of the door to the office. A friendly beta woman poked out her head, searching around and spotting where the couple were sitting on a nearby couch.

"George and Dream?" she verified. The couple nodded. "Excellent, she's ready for you now."

Dream squeezed George's hand and they followed the secretary into the office, where their manager was sat behind her desk, dismissively reading through a document of some kind. She looked up as the couple entered, thanking her secretary and gesturing for them to be left alone.

"Right. Hello again George, Dream, what's this about then?" Before they could answer, she passive aggressively added "must be something quite exciting if you specifically requested a meeting instead of just filling out the proper paperwork, hm? Dream, if you weren't an alpha, I'd be quite irritated by your lack of consideration."

"That's just the thing though, Ma'am." Dream responded, voice in his signature charming, 'upstanding American boy', smooth tone that George knew so well by now. "It's quite uh- delicate."

George felt his heart beginning to beat faster and faster as the gravity of the situation dawned on him. Yes, they could've just filled out a form requesting joint paternity leave, but more questions would've been raised than answered for two males making a request together. 'What's the name of the surrogate? What's the name of the adoption agency?'

Therein lay the problem. George didn't need paternity leave, he needed *maternity* leave. He was to be the one carrying the pup and, as such, he would require the same type of arrangement that the female betas received.

To George's knowledge, which he considered thorough and accurate, he was the only omega at his workplace and had been for as long as he'd been there. The strict, recently alleviated, ban on omegas in the office had helped guarantee this. Why, George's very employment would have been on the line if it had ever come out that he'd been an omega the whole time.

That was until the government began introducing a multitude of new laws prohibiting such discriminations and mandating that workplaces become omega friendly, and furthermore, that they make allowances for those omegas *already* working there in secret. George desperately wanted to keep his job but he couldn't take beta hormones if he wanted to get pregnant and he couldn't very well go around smelling like an omega all of a sudden and pretending nothing was different.

No. They had to take this issue to the manager in person, plead their case properly. Legally, George couldn't be fired now but the fear was almost consuming him alive.

"Delicate how?" their manager pressed.

George swallowed hard, then decided to just get it over with and bring on the consequences already.

"I want to request maternity leave." George blurted out, feeling his face flush but trying to keep his cool and power through. Dream started releasing a soothing scent for him, knowing that their beta manager would be unable to detect it.

She raised an eyebrow. "Is that it? You know we have paperwork for requesting paternity leave—"

"No, Ma'am, you misunderstand," Dream interjected, "*I* want to request paternity leave. *George* wants to request *maternity* leave."

She scoffed. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to sound indiscreet, but I really don't see how that would be possible. Unless *George* here is going to be the one carrying the..."

George averted eye contact, shrinking into himself. Here it was: the moment he'd had nightmares about for his entire adult life.

"*George*?" The manager asked. Any irritation from earlier left her tone and her demeanor softened greatly. "Are you... an omega?"

Before George could even get out a nod, Dream had already cut in. "The new government mandates prohibit you from firing *George* based on this information. You can't do anything to him, okay?" he protectively growled, in the way that only an alpha defending his omega would.

"Wow." She blinked, staring intently at *George*, almost studying him. "Of course. Of course, I read through the mandates quite thoroughly. I just never expected... *you*, *George*. You're one of our best employees."

*George* wasn't sure if he should say thank you so he stayed silent, letting his alpha handle the situation.

"So we made the right call in the end, coming to you?" Dream asked, quite rhetorically.

"Hmm, I suppose the forms needed updating anyway now that we're allowed to start hiring omegas." The manager leaned in close. "You know, I was never a fan of the outdated way of thinking, myself. I'm *more* than happy to have a hardworking omega under my employment. Thank you for coming to me with this, seriously. I know this must be a very bizarre time for you, *George*."

*George* nodded, mumbling a noise of agreement.

"And the two of you... a couple I presume? I've never been one for office gossip but out of curiosity, how long has this been going on?"

Dream turned to smile lovingly at *George*. "A year and a half now."

"Quite some time then. I mean, Dream, when you changed your address to *George*'s, I really thought you were just close friends."

"You could say we're pretty close," *George* playfully piped up, feeling braver now that the worst part was over and done with. Light chuckles escaped from his manager and suddenly everything felt like it was going to be okay.

"Yes, I'm sure. Well congratulations, I'll have someone get started on the task of amending the maternity application forms to accommodate for omegas. You'll have to fill one out, but don't worry about that for now."

A smile of pure cathartic relief spread uncontrollably across George's face. This was really happening, he was really about to reveal himself as an omega. No more awful beta hormones, *no more hiding.*

The manager continued talking, giving various information regarding how the process would go. George would be expected to work for the first month of his three month pregnancy, then as his scent intensified, it would be working from home for the second. The third month and an additional 26 weeks after birth would be also granted with no expectations, as per standard for new mothers. Dream was also entitled to stay home and aid his omega for both the final month and the following 23 week period, as was typical for an alpha on paternity leave.

"Yeah, don't worry about a thing. You are fully protected by this office now. From your scent I'd assume you're not yet..."

"No," George quickly chimed in. "But after the new government changes, we thought that now would be a good time to start trying."

The manager nodded reassuringly, looking up at a clock and realising that she had somewhere to be. Before she could leave, George quickly checked that he'd be safe coming off his beta hormones at work, in such a confined space.

"Uh, we'll open windows-" the manager added as a cursory suggestion before dashing off for another appointment.

George was left standing in awe, almost crying. Dream grabbed his hand, snapping him back to reality and pulling him in for a deep, soothing kiss. When he finally stepped away, George saw the same expression of pure elation on Dream's face, noticed his eyes brimming with tears as well.

"We can have a pup!" He exclaimed, his smile so wide that it caused his eyes to crinkle and small dips to appear by his cheeks.

George blinked hard a couple of times. Within no time at all, the exact same smile was present on his own face. He was unable to speak, just frantically nodding, wearing an expression of joy.

George initiated a second kiss, practically laughing through it. He couldn't believe it, couldn't believe that this was reality. All the fantasies, all the nights of hoping for something better and here it was, at last. It wouldn't be easy, of course. It wouldn't even be painless. But George had Dream, the love of his life, by his side. And they were going to have a pup, a real pup that they could spoil and care for and love with everything.

A pack, at last. A real pack.

"I love you, Dream." George uttered, pressing one final kiss to Dream's cheek.

"I love you too, George."

## A quest for information

### Chapter Summary

Back at it again with the unnecessary, vague chapter summaries. In this chapter:  
Dream reads and has thoughts.

### Chapter Notes

Meant to upload this yesterday sorryyyy lads

Also, holy shit! So many of y'all came over from the first fic. Thank you :))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So how do we do this?" Dream asked once the pair returned home from work. "'Cause like, with your mock heat and both of us being on suppressors. I mean do we do it at the start of the week or the end and do we wanna be working from home for the first week or do-"

"Dream, baby. Take a breath, okay?" George smiled sweetly. "We literally just got in and it's Friday so all of next week we're home too. Let's take a moment to think about this. Care for some jasmine tea, love?"

Dream chuckled lightly and nodded, following George into the kitchen.

It wasn't Dream's fault that he was so eager, this was something he'd been thinking about ever since the announcements a few weeks back. The world was shifting surprisingly fast. It seemed that once the figures of authority started showing omegas respect, much of the population had followed suit-- a testament to how the power of a good influence shouldn't be underestimated. Plus it seemed that a large proportion of the people already harboured pro-omega rights views, they were just unsure of how to show their support.

George hadn't revealed himself yet to anyone apart from the couple's manager a few hours prior. He was hesitant, Dream could tell, and understandably so. After spending so much of his life afraid, Dream was amazed that he even *had* the bravery to tell her. But he was proud of him, so, unbelievably proud.

Dream turned on the kettle and pulled out a couple of Minecraft-themed mugs as George retrieved his hormone neutralisers from the cupboard and filled a glass of water to swallow them with. It was routine now, something that happened every alternate Friday after work, something Dream took for granted. But this, he realised, would be the last Friday of its kind.

How far from the routine the pair would deviate, Dream was unsure. He wondered if George was aware that he wouldn't have to take any more hormone neutralisers from now on, with no need to take beta hormones either.

"So, do you wanna talk before or after you shower, George?" Dream affectionately asked, knowing

that the jasmine tea was always rushed so that George could dash off to scrub away the last traces of his beta scent.

"Um... after? Would you mind if-"

"Of course not, Georgie. Here." Dream handed him his jasmine tea, a splash of cold water at the top to make it downable. George finished it all in one go, pressing a quick but heartfelt kiss to Dream's lips and scurrying away to the bathroom.

All Dream could do was smile after him, waiting in excited anticipation for George to return.

Dream sat at the dining table, scrolling aimlessly on his phone, before he found his mind starting to wander elsewhere. A slight shudder went through his body as he tentatively opened his browser and typed in a few simple words:

"omega pregnancy stages"

An NHS article was the first to come up, formatted in a user-friendly way with several diagrams. Dream already knew a little about reproduction, how pregnancy varied based on second gender. A standard beta female pregnancy would last six months while the duration of a standard alpha female pregnancy was around nine. Omega's however were quite different, they were considered the 'breeders' of society for a reason, after all.

Omega pregnancies lasted only three months and were said to be the least unpleasant to experience. As much as Dream hated to admit it, omegas like George were just the best suited for bearing pups.

Scrolling down the page, Dream arrived at the section on male omega pregnancies, shooting the pictures a cursory glance before reading over the article. The timeline was almost identical to that of female omegas but with one distinct difference.

*" During the first month of pregnancy, the male omega will grow breasts in preparation for nursing his pup. In most cases, the breasts develop at a constant, steady rate, typically visible after the first or second week. Occasionally however, the male omega will instead have several, more concentrated growth spurts at sporadic intervals, but such is rare and only typically applicable for specimens who end up with fuller chests... "*

Dream stopped reading at this, feeling a regrettable hardness growing in his pants. No way he was getting turned on by the thought of George growing large, full breasts. Surely he wasn't fantasising about watching him fill out his pretty clothes without the need for padding, about being able to softly caress and fondle his chest, massaging his breasts with George's gentle pleasured moans serving as background ambiance-- how sensitive he'd be, how the slightest touch would probably make him twitch with delightful stimulation.

No. Dream pushed down such thoughts, continuing to wait for George's return. The sound of the shower had stopped now, which informed Dream that George was currently getting changed, getting himself all pretty for his alpha. Imagining George changing wasn't helping his hard-on at all. Perhaps reading more would provide a distraction.

*" At the start of the second month, the omega will enter the second trimester and his scent will change dramatically, becoming more pleasant, aromatic and detectable. In addition to this, his belly will begin to swell as the fetus develops further, showing by the end of the first week. Instead of morning sickness, omegas suffer from morning heats, starting any time after the breasts have developed. Morning heats have several divergences from regular heats and hormone neutraliser-*

*induced mock heats. (For more information on morning heats, click the link below...)"*

Fuck. The image of George with his breasts plump and round, belly swelling so beautifully, in heat, begging Dream to just touch him and fondle him and fuck him. Dream clenched his jaw, swallowing hard as tried desperately to quell his imagination, to control himself.

The sound of high heels tapping against plank flooring startled Dream, panicked him. He quickly shut off his phone, breathing heavily as he turned to greet his omega.

Oh god.

Of all days, why did George have to pick *today* to dress like that?

A beautiful, of course, but very form-fitting-around-the-bust, pale blue apron dress was his choice in attire. It was an outfit that Dream *already* knew George wore a C cup padded bra with. The top part of the dress clung to and defined his larger breasts, the skirt flaring out and falling around the mid thigh. He looked so domestic in this getup, his white thigh highs and blue heels only adding to the housewifely vibes.

Try as he swore he did, Dream couldn't tear his eyes from George's chest. Everything suddenly looked so real, so possible. One day, potentially even quite soon, George would actually have this shape without the need to fake it.

"Dream, baby? Is everything okay?" George called out, his voice so soft and gentle with his concern.

"Yeah I'm fine, I was just reading this uh-"

George looked at the phone in Dream's hand, grinning and playfully jogging over to Dream. "Ooh, what were you looking at that's got you all worked up, hm?"

A hand made its way to Dream's pants, where his dick was still straining against the fabric.

"Tell me, baby." George pouted, pressing his breasts together as he pleaded. "Won't you please tell me what you were reading."

"Georgie," Dream warned, but gave in to the adorable omega in front of him. Switching on his phone, the page was still open. George's eyes widened as he realised what had his alpha so hot and bothered.

"Were you... were you thinking about me pregnant?" He asked.

Dream nervously looked away, embarrassed by how much he wanted to see George like the article described-- swollen so soft and round with his pups.

"Uh..."

Ayo any jasmine tea manufacturers out there??? Sponsor me, yeah?!

# Leaving a mark

## Chapter Summary

Chomp aha ooh

## Chapter Notes

Slightly earlier update just because I was a little late with the previous one!

Y'all I'm 25 chapters into this au and I still had to pull out an omegaverse guide to write this chapter smhh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Because, it's okay if you are, Dream. In fact it's kinda better, because I've been thinking about that all day too..."

The confession fell from George's mouth without resistance.

When he'd been in the shower washing himself, he'd strangely found his hands lingering over his chest, cupping the fat around his pectoral muscles as if real breasts were there, picturing himself round and full and swollen. He ran his thumbs over his nipples, a soft moan escaping from his sensitivity.

From there, he'd let his hands roam downwards, coming to a stop over his belly, where his womb was located. George's breath hitched as he gently caressed the flat surface, a certain melancholy overcoming him as he imagined what could soon be growing there. Tears threatened to start falling. The possibility was too real now, the dream too attainable.

After releasing a breath he didn't know he was holding, George sharply dropped his arms to his sides, hurrying to scrub away the final remnants of his false scent.

Once out of the shower, he looked through his personal closet for something comfy and pretty to wear. George almost felt as though some imperceivable force was drawing him to a much more domestic outfit, a cute apron dress which he tended to go a cup size up with for his bra. With thoughts of soon having breasts of his own running through his head, this was quite appealing. George had always found that wearing larger cup sizes felt quite *right* for some reason, but it became clear that many of his outfits suited B cups better so it became the default.

Today's makeup was simple-- mascara, blush, lip tint, nothing special. It all felt very comfortable today, perhaps in subconscious preparation for a potentially very *uncomfortable* conversation.

"You have?" Dream asked, his voice timid and careful. George nodded. "Well, I guess we should have that talk now."

Seated at the table, Dream pulled up information about his rut suppressors on his phone while

George rummaged around for a leaflet he had somewhere detailing his own heat meds.

"Uh, okay listen to this: 'Failure to take medication repeatedly will lead to the alpha going into a natural rut within a month. Alternatively, the presence of an omega in heat will trigger a rut instantaneously, as is normal for alphas.' Well that seems alright." Dream put his phone down, now looking to George. "You got anything, George?"

"Yeah. It says here that a heat will commence after 3-5 days of consecutively not taking the pills. Three to five? You'd hope they'd be able to get a bit more accurate with the time frame." George whined.

Dream hummed in consideration. "I don't think it's a huge problem. Just come off them like Tuesday. The heat ends as soon as an omega is like... bred, right?"

"Yeah, and I'll be pregnant by Monday next week... Oh my god, I'll be pregnant by Monday next week!"

Scrap all that shit earlier about it 'suddenly feeling real', *now* it felt fucking real. George felt the blood leave his head as he spoke, hurriedly moving away from the cabinet to come and sit on Dream's lap and nuzzle into his chest.

"Hey, hey, it's okay, baby. If this isn't what you want, we totally don't have to." Dream held George in close, soothing him as he reflected. "You're enough, George, you know that. You are enough. Always."

After a few deep breaths, George started to feel a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. Before he knew it, he was oddly beaming into Dream's chest. Pure elation. He started giggling, pulling back so that Dream could look at him, look at what an idiot he was.

"I know that, Dream. Of course I know that. This past year with you has been incredible," George exclaimed, still grinning and looking at Dream with shining eyes. "But I want this more than *anything*. I want to bear your pups. And..."

"And what, Georgie?"

George slowly tilted his head to the side, flaunting his very exposed scent gland and letting it linger under Dream's nose. "And I want you to claim me, Dream. Now that I don't have to take the beta hormones, the scent will stay. And I want that, really. I want everyone to know that I have *you*."

Though his interest was clearly peaked, Dream hesitated at the proposal. "We're really gonna do this? You're gonna let me mark you?"

George nodded.

The look in Dream's eyes was strained, a mix of longing and reluctance.

"I- I don't wanna hurt you, George."

"It won't be that bad. And anyways..." George leaned in and pecked Dream's cheek, then began leaving a trail of kisses down along his jaw and neck until he reached the alpha's scent glands. "...your mark will look so very nice on my neck. Wouldn't you agree, alpha?"

George knew that Dream couldn't say no to that, especially not with his omega so close, uttering those words with his sickly sweet tongue.

Dream shifted George so that he was sat straddling him, the tips of their heads touching, gently resting against each other as the couple tried to savour the affair.

"Are you ready, omega?" Dream's voice was so quiet, to call it a whisper would've been an exaggeration.

George followed his lead, exhaling a breathy and barely audible "yes, alpha. I am."

The next thing George felt was the sting of Dream's teeth by his scent gland and the sharpness of the top few layers of his skin being punctured. Following the initial shock came an overwhelmingly delicious smell, one which forced a low moan to escape George's lips. Dream growled in response as he finally pulled again, his expression now more predatorial, more hungry. A hand seized the back of George's head and guided him forwards until his lips met with Dream's.

More than happy to submit now, George opened his mouth, letting out a gentle whine as he felt Dream's hands move to grope his ass and breasts.

It felt so *good*, so *right*, being scented and touched in this way. George started to realise that he couldn't *wait* to go into a true heat with Dream.

And, fuck. Dream would be in his first rut-- what would *he* be like?

It occurred to George that, in all the time the couple had been together, he'd never truly seen Dream in his primal state. It existed, definitely, and, with only the occasional glimpse of it available for George when Dream was feeling protective, George's imagination was running wild. He wasn't afraid, he knew that Dream would never, ever hurt him. But on some level, he craved that suppressed roughness, the sensation of really being put in his place by an alpha out of control.

All of this fully in the knowledge that, as soon as the pair were finished with their breeding session, Dream would once again be the caring, docile, adorable alpha who sometimes cried when George told him *how much he loved him*.

Dream was something special.

When Saturday came, Dream was especially careful, and much gentler than usual. The normal 'weekend morning fuck-off' ended early as George was awoken at sunrise by his heat in a state of distress. Naturally, it was swiftly taken care of, the pair back asleep not an hour later, happily holding each other close.

Sunday was a little more exciting, with Dream waking first and slowly increasing the light levels in the bedroom so that George would be awoken artificially but in a more natural manner. When George was fully awake, he found himself extremely horny but not quite in heat, as was intended. This provided the wonderful opportunity for a little roleplay, George quickly putting on an elegant, silk gown and tiara and going by 'Princess' for the next hour, letting Dream gush over him as he played the Knight.

"How does *this* feel, Princess? You like when I touch you here?" Dream sweetly asked, sliding his hands under the knee-length dress and running them along George's torso. He then ran his finger along the tip of George's cock, teasing him with tastes of stimulation.

"Ahh~ my Knight, that feels wonderful!" George bucked his hips upwards, loving the friction Dream's hand provided. "Please, more!"

Dream started slowly jerking George's dick, his motions slow and careful. "Anything for you, my beautiful Princess."

The restraint and formality of the roleplay soon faded away as George's heat intensified. The skirt part of the gown was carelessly folded up against George's head with the omega on all fours and Dream pounding him from behind. Perhaps not the most eloquent position for a Princess, but a sweet release nonetheless.

On Tuesday, George officially stopped taking his heat suppressors, accounting for the 3-5 day window so that he'd be pregnant by work the following week. To maximise the chances of conception being successful, it was clear that George would have to be *in heat* when the couple started trying for a pup.

It was a tedious and precarious waiting period but George knew that everything would be worth it in the end.

#### Chapter End Notes

Sorry if the mock heats part felt a lil rushed at the end there, got 3 months worth of plot to get through and I'm realising that this fic might end up being just as long as the original..... oopsies

Also y'all in the comments <3 my god I love y'all

## Visit to the GP

### Chapter Summary

Mmm the NHS

### Chapter Notes

Quick heads up for non Brits/non commonwealth peoples, a 'GP' is a doctor, it stands for General Practitioner.

I just realised looking back that I used it quite a few times and wanted to clarify :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"What do you mean 'issues', what kinds of issues?"

Dream's foot tapped erratically against the floor of the GP's office, hands fidgeting nervously. He hadn't intended for his question to come across as aggressive as it had. Dream could sense George releasing a pacifying scent for him and, while it helped a little, he was still on edge.

"You have to understand," the GP calmly began, "you have been on rut suppressors for your entire adult life. And your omega-"

"George. His name is George," Dream harshly interjected.

"My apologies, *George* has been on heat suppressors for a very long time *and* taken beta hormones in addition. I'm just trying to warn you that you might have issues with your conception. Many couples in your position have experienced temporary or even permanent infertility. There are very clear warnings that come with those hormones."

Dream could feel his heart beginning to race, premature devastation starting to set in. Surely not. Surely, after everything they'd been through, after all this time, *this* wasn't to be the thing that ruined everything. The couple had *finally* been given the chance to start a real pack and to have those dreams shattered by this? Could the world be so cruel? Surely not.

Before Dream could speak, George stopped him, clearly anticipating how close he was to venting all of his frustrations on the poor doctor.

"We understand. Thank you for informing us, Doctor Adebayo. Is there any way you can check to see if we'll experience the same issues?"

George smiled politely at the doctor, but Dream could tell that there was a lot of anxiety concealed behind it. Of course George was just as scared and frustrated as Dream, but *he* at least had the decency and self-control to not snap at a medical professional who was just doing their job. It was embarrassing how much more unstable Dream was, even just one day off his rut suppressors. He hadn't anticipated how soon he'd begin to feel it, realising now that, in all his years, he'd managed

to not skip a single day.

"Absolutely. There are several tests we can run that should provide a definitive answer for whether or not you will experience Suppressor-Induced Infertility. If you'd both be willing to do a blood test, I can start preparing the forms." The GP turned on their chair and began typing away at their computer, not noticing how all the colour rushed from George's face.

But Dream noticed.

He also noticed the sudden irregularity in George's breathing, the terror in his eyes.

George had a fear of needles. Dream had learned this back when he'd volunteered to give blood and asked George to go with him. Just being in the same room as Dream had made him almost pass out, to the extent that he'd had to go and sit down at the bus stop outside and wait for Dream to finish.

"Hey Georgie," Dream whispered close to George's ear, reaching for his hand. "We don't have to do this if you don't think you can manage. You haven't even had your heat yet. This might not be an issue."

"But we need to be s-sure." George's voice was shaky. He audibly swallowed hard, gripping Dream's hand with force. "I'll- uh, I'll do it. B-But stay with me. Please."

"Of course, baby. I'll be right there the whole time. I'm so proud of you."

Dream quickly kissed George's cheek as the GP turned their chair back around to face the couple, two forms in hand.

"Right, so you can just take these upstairs and we should have the results by Friday." They turned to Dream. "As the alpha, you'll need to be the one to come in and talk through the report with me. I can't discuss an alpha's medical records in the presence of an omega, that law hasn't changed yet I'm afraid. The meeting should be quite quick though so he shouldn't be left alone for too long."

"It's fine," George said through gritted teeth. "I *can* take care of myself, don't worry about it." A certain bitterness lingered in George's words. He hated the condescension that came with being an omega openly, Dream was well aware, and of how George was now seen as entirely helpless without his alpha.

It was impressive how composed George was, out in public with Dream. He was wearing masculine clothes today but his scent was as sweet and inviting as ever, soliciting several turned heads and deep sniffs from nearby alphas and betas. Luckily, his scent also contained traces of his Dream's, plus George's claiming mark was extremely visible on his neck, so the omega was left unchallenged. Dream knew it must have stung though, the knowledge that the only thing protecting George was a fear of offending his alpha.

Dream and George made their way through the surgery, over to the wing where blood tests were conducted. The longer they walked, the more of George's scared scent was released, leaving something of an olfactory trail through the corridors. Dream held his hand tightly, reassuring him that he was still there.

A friendly nurse took the couple's forms, instructing them to take a number each and wait until it was called. The surgery was fairly empty so the wait was short. As soon as a number was called, George went first, with Dream by his side.

"Hiya, which one of you is getting the test then, hm?" The nurse asked, smiling reassuringly,

probably able to see how nervous George was.

"Uh, m-me, please," George stammered.

"Of course, love." She turned to Dream. "And will you be staying here too?"

Dream nodded. "If that's okay with you, Ma'am."

The nurse chuckled softly at the American's vocabulary. "Ma'am, huh? Well since you were so polite, I suppose I'll let you stay, just this once, our little secret," she said, winking.

At this, George seemed to chill out a little, smiling fondly at Dream as the nurse began preparing his arm. Right before the needle was brought out, she instructed George to turn his head so that he wasn't looking. "Give your cute, American alpha a nice big smile for me. That's it, love. Eyes on him."

A quiet shriek escaped George's mouth as the needle entered, not out of pain so much as out of shock. He started gripping Dream's arm with his other hand for comfort.

Fortunately, the ordeal didn't last long and, after it was over, Dream pulled George in for a tight embrace, whispering into his ear sweet affirmations of how well he'd done and how proud Dream was.

Next it was Dream's turn and George decided to wait outside, making small talk with another nurse. Dream faintly heard George's voice through the curtain, saying to them "trying for a baby with my alpha... yes, I love him very much... no, I wasn't aware that sunflower seeds boost fertility..."

Dream's heart swelled so big with love, but a certain sorrow was present too. All he could do for now was hope that there would be no issues in the report. Obviously adoption was a completely viable option for the couple, but on some level, Dream desperately wanted to see George pregnant, to attend to his every need and just be there for him through it all.

The next couple of days were tough, a certain perpetual dread lacing the mood around the house. Still, the pair had each other and that was more than enough for them.

Come Friday, Dream made his way back to the GP alone. He was invited into the doctor's office and sat by their desk, waiting patiently for the results to come through on the system.

With a beaming smile, the GP handed Dream the report, going through it line by line. Ecstatic didn't even begin to describe what Dream was feeling.

"No issues with this... no problems with that... normal levels here... no irregularities there..." The GP turned to Dream after the full report had been read. "I'm delighted to tell you that, from your results, both you and your omega are *negative* for Suppressor-Induced Infertility. Congratulations. You may still have difficulties, as there sometimes are with male pregnancies, but we can conclude definitively that the suppressors and the beta hormones have not affected either of you."

"I- uh- oh my god, thank you, Doctor Adebayo. Thank you so, so much. I need to- can I-"

"Of course, please return to your omega. I wish you both the best of luck. Feel free to see me again if you experience any issues."

Hurrying back to his car, Dream stepped on the gas, breaching the speed limit several times, *so excited* to share the good news with George.

Upon arriving back at the house however, something immediately felt...*off*.

Once out of the car, Dream was immediately hit by an *extremely* potent smell seemingly escaping through an open window. Fuck, where the hell was that coming from? It was so strong, causing Dream's vision to momentarily falter. His adrenaline was pumping, heart racing. Something in his body was *reacting* to the scent, turning him hostile, *arousing him*.

God, what was that smell?

Before he knew it, Dream had begun growling. He roughly turned the handle of the door, only to be completely assaulted by the sweetest, strongest scent he'd ever smelled in his life.

It smelled like flowers and candy... sex and sweat... ripe fruit... smouldering fire... omega... heat...  
*heat-*

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

George had gone into heat while Dream was out.

#### Chapter End Notes

Gee whiz, I sure hope George isn't in heat and burning up, sweating buckets, writhing around in pain on the kitchen floor, totally helpless, crying out for his alpha to come and relieve him...

That would be rough...

;)

# Why is it so hot?!

## Chapter Summary

Reread the chapter title and take a wild guess

## Chapter Notes

I mean y'all read the last chapter... not sure I need to warn about what's coming in the next few chapters

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Since the visit to the GP, George had been feeling pretty miserable. He'd already come to terms with the fact that he was probably infertile, already mourning the pup he figured he could never have now.

But it was a working-from-home week, and George *clearly* wasn't going on maternity leave any time soon. He sat in his home office, where his desk was positioned next to Dream's, coding some software for work. Dream was currently out, getting the results of their blood tests from the doctor. George's hopes weren't high, and it didn't help that, since waking, he'd felt a slight, dull ache throughout his body.

George shuffled in his seat, his skirt getting caught on the back of the chair. It pissed George off slightly more than it perhaps usually would have, but he dismissed his heightened agitation as understandable, given that he was currently working all alone and starting to feel a little thirsty.

That was of course just before small tingles began at the tips of George's fingers and toes-- tingles which he foolishly ignored. He was busy right now and this software needed to be complete by the weekend. It did briefly cross George's mind that this was maybe the beginning of his heat, but for now, the sensation was still entirely bearable. Besides, George had had *plenty* of experience with heats, having them every other week and all. True heats weren't so different from mock heats, right? George would just ignore the light pulsations until Dream got back.

Okay, yes-- the tingles had graduated to light pulsing sensations and had also spread a little along George's hands and feet. But it was still subtle enough to ignore at present and so George pressed on, unaware of the beads of sweat that were forming along his hairline, the slick gradually beginning to pool in his panties.

Soon, it became a little harder to brush past the intermittent waves of throbbing across George's body. And it had spread across the *entirety* of his body now, making George aware of every single fraction of his exposed and covered skin.

Suddenly his bra felt too tight, as did the rest of the pretty outfit. Today, George had on a tight-fitting, white, knitted sweater tucked into a short, pink, ruffle skirt-- nothing out of the ordinary, nothing inherently uncomfortable. Perhaps these items of clothing were the source of all the suffocating agitation. Quickly, George rose from his chair and began stripping without restraint,

newly invigorated to address the problem. Because it *was* a problem now, it really was.

Within seconds George was left with his chest completely bare, pausing to desperately run his hands along his torso, rubbing and pinching around his nipples to simulate the touch of an alpha. A broken moan escaped George's mouth in spite of how insufficient the touches felt. He needed more.

The pair of dainty, pink thigh-high stockings that George had been wearing were savagely forced off, causing one of them to tear, to George's utter indifference. He'd thought that perhaps this would help with the tight pulsing in his legs, specifically around his thighs, but the feeling merely intensified in the stockings' absence. George reached down his hands and started to massage and grope at the fat around his thighs and ass, newly aware of how hot and sticky his hands were, how hot and sticky his *everything* was.

'Water,' George thought to himself, running into the kitchen, now wearing only his skirt and panties.

What George had failed to realise was that he was now mere seconds away from total immobilisation, still convinced that he could power through alone. It hadn't quite set in yet exactly how different this heat was going to be...

Because the mock heats were horniness. Painful, yes, but ultimately no more than an urge to be filled which suddenly became so strong that George would be put into a subspace.

But this...

Fuck, this was *really hot*.

Was that normal? He didn't usually feel such fire underneath his skin.

Every inch of George's flesh was *aflame*. Not a prickle or an itch-- nothing so subtle or manageable. He just felt *hot*. As he looked down, George saw that his skin sure enough was turning red and blotchy. His throat was also growing so, so dry and George started panting as he let his tongue hang out in a desperate attempt to stop it from choking him.

He downed a glass of water but could barely even tell, feeling as though any moisture had instantly evaporated upon contact with his mouth. Huffing and puffing, all alone on the kitchen floor, George could barely move now, having dropped to his hands and knees with his mouth still wide open and eyes fluttering. Another sensation made itself known to George as the slick that had been accumulating in George's panties had now started to leak out. Two trails of the slimy substance snaked their way down two throbbing, red thighs.

'Stretch yourself out for your alpha,' George thought to himself, but the mere act of taking the weight off one of his limbs was enough to almost topple him. Truly, he *could not move* from this spot on all fours. So helpless, so needy. *And still so goddamn hot*.

Finally George was beginning to see why omegas in true heat let anyone have their way with them. After becoming so accustomed to the mock heats, to having that slither of cognisance throughout, he'd forgotten just what his first heat had felt like.

By this point, George couldn't have taken the skirt off if he tried. And he really, truly *had* tried. So much sweat was gathering at the waistband and it was only further adding to his discomfort.

Unequivocally stuck like this: a half naked man, sweat dripping from his every gland, breathlessly trying to not lose consciousness, as he could do nothing but wait for his alpha to return home. The

water had done jack shit. In fact, it had only made George feel worse, more conscious of how dry his mouth was. He started crying out for Dream, voice croaking and breaking with every drawn out " *a-alpha* !" Tears began streaming from George's eyes, which was outrageous considering how little water was left *inside* his body now. His hitched cries turned into devastating sobs.

George had never felt this before-- so completely and utterly helpless. This couldn't have been normal, the years of hormones must have been making the heat worse.

Despite how George was burning up from the inside out, he was also shaking, practically shivering. He couldn't possibly survive much longer like this, he truly felt like the heat was going to kill him.

The sound of the front door opening caused George to start weeping harder, the sniffles and breathless panting starting to consume him.

*Alpha was home. Alpha was going to fuck him and fill him and breed him. Alpha was home. Alpha was going to take care of him. Alpha would make it all better. Alpha. Alpha.*

George tried to call out for Dream once more, but all he could manage was a whiny yelp before he had to stop to open his mouth and resume gasping and panting. Luckily, Dream already knew exactly where George was, hastily following the scent to the kitchen.

The promise of seeing his alpha gave George the strength to tilt his head upwards and to meet Dream's eyes, painfully-- mortifyingly-- aware of how wrecked and pathetic and vulnerable he looked on his hands and knees, sweating and panting and oozing slick.

"Omega," Dream growled, taking a deep inhale of George's scent, his eyes narrowed and *hungry*.

"Ahh- alph- ahhh- " George sobbed, straining and using up the last of his strength to respond to his alpha's call.

"Oh fuck. You- oh god, just *look* at you, omega."

George began whimpering, every cell in his body *aching* for Dream's touch.

"Fucking god. On your knees for me, all pretty in your skirt for me. Who do you belong to, omega?"

"Y-Y-You, a- alph- ah!"

George wasn't in control of when he spoke or what he said, and he knew that Dream wasn't either. George's head dropped; he hadn't the strength to hold it up any longer.

Dream approached, bending over and seizing George's chin, forcing him to look at him again. Then, with another hand, he reached below George and started applying pressure on his chest, guiding him back so that George was now sat on his ankles, knees parted, Dream still supporting his head.

"My pretty omega. All mine. So fucking desperate for my touch, so helpless. Gonna breed you, pretty omega. Gonna fuck you so good. Gonna mate you and fill you with my pups. You're gonna be a good breeding bitch for me, gonna swell so nicely with my seed."

If George was in any other headspace, Dream's words would've hit like a train. He *never* spoke like this, *never*. After his rut was triggered, Dream had become possessed by his need to mate in the same way as George, possibly even more intensely.

"Y-Yes, alpha." The simple touches from Dream had already begun alleviating George's pain, granting him at least the ability to speak once more. "Please, alpha. Breed me. Please, breed me. I need it, need you, alpha."

"Pretty little omega, begging for me. Kneeling there so helpless, all for me."

"Yess~ all for you!"

Dream moaned through a growl at those words, all the possessiveness he usually controlled and repressed now bubbling to the surface. George loved it though, loved feeling so desired, so submissive. His responses only further encouraged Dream, and happily so.

"Stand, omega." Dream commanded.

George started frantically shaking his head. "N-No, ca-n't."

A primal fury burned behind Dream's eyes. "You won't disobey your alpha. Stand!" Dream growled, in a tone so forceful and compelling that George physically could not resist. He felt a degree of strength return to his legs again at his alpha's request, leaning mostly on Dream for support as he began to rise.

Despite the rut, Dream was still gentle and patient as he helped George to his feet, steadyng him through his wobbles and shudders. The pair slowly and tediously made their way to the bedroom, until another wave of George's devastating heat hit in the hallway.

#### Chapter End Notes

This is fun to write.

Is that worrying?

## Primal satisfaction at last

### Chapter Summary

Goodnight to people with a breeding kink

### Chapter Notes

Heads up: this chapter is longer than the others but honestly I think we've all waited long enough for it

Oh and like.... breeding kink..... (duh)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Aaaahhhhh!" George suddenly cried out, halfway between the kitchen and the bedroom. He seized up in Dream's arms, which he'd been putting his weight on for support, and started squirming, pushing Dream away as he fell to the floor on his hands and knees once again.

*Omega in pain. Omega in pain.*

Dream's mind was stuck in a primitive, instinctual mode in which all of his thoughts were simplified and all of his impulses became impossible to resist. Instead of 'make a baby with George', all Dream could think of was 'breed fertile, vulnerable omega'. Hell, at present, Dream couldn't even remember George's name! Omega was omega, and Dream was alpha, and alpha had to fill omega with his pups; it was as simple as that.

But omega was struggling, panting and shaking on the floor of the hallway, looking so meek and vulnerable, sweating so deliciously. George's sweat smelled, in a word, irresistible, as was its function during heat-- serving as an aphrodisiac of sorts to any alpha that got too close.

And Dream *was* too close.

He reached down for George as the omega squealed and writhed on the floor, crying out "hurts, a-alpha... can't go on-n!"

"Stand, omega." Dream firmly ordered again in response, unable to empathise with George at present.

George started to frantically shake his head and sob once more as the new wave of heat rendered him frozen on the spot, in such a provocative and almost *taunting* position. Dream had half a mind to breed him right there but some part of him rejected this notion, knowing that omega would be uncomfortable... well, more uncomfortable than he already was.

Although having his command disobeyed infuriated Dream, conflicting signals to be gentle in the presence of his hurting omega confused him.

After an internal battle, the side of Dream that wanted to be caring managed to scrape the victory, likely attributed to Dream's pre-existing tendencies for mercy and humanity. He bent down to the omega, making his voice softer.

"How can I help you, omega?"

"Nng-" George groaned. "Touch me! N-Need your touch, alpha-a."

With pleasure, Dream started to kiss along George's back, reaching under the omega and running his hands along his chest. He began to rub and pinch at the omega's nipples causing broken moans to escape from George in delighted relief.

"Ohh~ yess alpha~ thank you, alpha~"

George's tone was much more steady now as he continued to sigh, responding to Dream's simple, kind gestures.

*Omega soothed. Omega soothed.*

Once the impulse was sent out that George was okay again, Dream instantly stopped and gripped George's arm, pulling him upwards and back to a standing position with slightly more force than he'd intended. Omega was soothed, which meant that there was no reason for him to not be bred, which meant that he *needed* to be *bred*. George started to whine and complain at the sudden termination of his stimulation, but a growl from Dream reminded him who was in charge. So George let himself be guided up, softly whimpering in apology to his alpha.

They finally reached the bedroom, and George hurried over to the bed ahead of Dream, collapsing on his back and commencing his writhing and panting again.

"S-Skirt, alpha." George whined, trying to slide it down but lacking the strength to do so.

"You want the skirt off, omega?" Dream growled, though his question wasn't so sincere. In response to George nodding, Dream stalked over to the helpless, fretting omega, sticking one finger below the waistband, right against George's sweaty, sticky flesh. "Mmm, but your sweat smells so nice, omega. So delicious and fertile."

It was clear that George feared being forced to keep the skirt on, tears falling from his eyes again as he started pleading for mercy.

*Omega in distress. Omega in distress.*

The new impulse to soothe the omega overpowered Dream's desire to smell that sweet aroma. He quickly pulled the skirt down, leaving George in only his panties. George's sigh of relief was heavenly, Dream's dick twitched at the sound. He wanted to bring George relief like that again, wanted to make him sigh and moan in a state of unadulterated bliss.

This wasn't just Dream who so craved the noises George made while he was pleasured, this was the barest hint of the real Dream, briefly drawn out in response to a stimulus he loved so dearly.

Though it was counterintuitive to his mission of breeding the omega, Dream found himself savouring the sight of George lying back in only his thin, little panties, eyes pressed shut and mouth slightly open. He was so beautiful. Dream crawled onto the bed, the movement jostling

George whose eyes fluttered open. How Dream loved those beautiful brown eyes.

George was probably expecting to be fucked now so a soft gasp escaped when Dream came to lie next to him, propped up on his side. Dream's hand once again made its way to George's torso, pinching at the omega's nipples to the tune of hitched breaths.

The alpha then leaned over George, gently kissing along his torso and making his way up towards the omega's lips. As Dream kissed George, he felt a new rush of adrenaline hit, the kisses turning rougher and sloppier.

With the hunger beginning to get to him again, Dream started to make his way back down George's chest, this time leaving a trail of bites as he moved. He took George's nipple in his mouth, barely grazing it with his teeth and beginning to suck, with George squealing by his ear. Even more marks were left as Dream went further, now taking the flesh around George's thighs in and sucking and biting it. George wailed in delight, his body jolting every time Dream bit somewhere new.

"Ahh~ m-mark me, alpha! I'm- nng~ I am yours!"

That was precisely what Dream was craving, the sound of his submissive omega begging to be adorned in Dream's marks, showing the entire world that he was *protected*.

"B-Breed me! Please, breed me! Want to carry your pups, alpha. Want e-everyone to see my swollen belly and kn-know who I belong to!"

*Omega needs to be bred. Omega begging to be bred.*

Dream's mind switched in an instant. The love bites stopped abruptly and Dream withdrew. He took one last look at the squirming omega below before sliding off his panties. With the panties came a trail of enticingly-smelling slick, George blushing at the sensation of the substance overflowing from his hole. Dream was still fully clothed from his visit to the doctor so he now stepped off the bed and hastily stripped, all the while George's eye's never leaving his body.

Once fully naked, Dream pounced on George, instantly sticking two fingers in George's hole to stretch him out. George's cry rang out at the sensation, the omega expecting for Dream to start slowly with only one digit. Though, he soon adjusted and Dream got to witness George's eyes roll back and tongue hang out.

Dream added one more finger, wanting to fully ensure that the omega would take his knot nicely. This would be Dream's first time knotting ever, having never been able to inflate his knot on rut suppressors. He wasn't sure how it would work but trusted that his instincts would guide him as he bred the omega beneath him.

The fingers withdrew in accordance with Dream's satisfaction. A deeply buried part of him wanted to tell George what he was doing and to wait for George to give a sign of concurrence. The best he could manage right now though was far from the soft, caring sentiments he'd usually voice before entering his beloved.

"Gonna fuck you now. You're gonna be a good omega for me-- my good, fertile breeding bitch. Needy and submissive, gonna take me so well. Got it?"

It wasn't much of a warning but George nodded profusely, starting to shudder in anticipation.

"Seed me, alpha! Breed me! S-Stuff me so full! Need you so bad!"

At that, Dream lined up against George's hole and started pushing in, hearing how George choked

through his moans, throwing his head back and arching his spine.

With hardly any time for George to acclimate, Dream instantly started thrusting *hard*, unable to hold himself back any longer. He could feel the walls of George's hole tighten around him, Dream now growling like a feral beast at his euphoric pleasure. Dream had barely even begun yet he could already sense a climax coming, an orgasm bigger and more impactful than any he'd ever experienced before:

Below him, George moaned and moaned as his prostate was hit with every forceful thrust of Dream's large cock. It was rapturous, for both parties. Dream had never felt such an overwhelming mess of stimulation like this-- everything was working to make him as aroused and exhilarated as humanly possible:

That beautiful omega-in-heat scent. The sight of the omega in ecstasy, crying as his prostate was abused more and more. The warm wetness of his hole, still desperately clenching around Dream to enhance his pleasure.

George started babbling, his words tortuously mouth-watering as he painted Dream a beautiful picture.

"Mm- ahh- breed me, alpha! Fill me with your seed, fill me! Stuff me so full, alpha! Nnngg- crave your warm seed *inside* me. Feel so- ohh!- so *full* with you inside me! Please, make me pregnant! Mate me-e! Wanna swell with your seed, s-s-stuffed with your pups, alpha!"

George suddenly reached for his belly with one hand, stroking it in rapid, circular motions, his voice still a mess of broken sounds and mindless rambling.

"So swollen, so round f-for you! Mmm~ so *big* ! So full of pups! Please alpha- please, please, *please*. So-o *desperate* to be pregnant! To carry aahhh~ c-carry your pups! Swell with your p-pups! So *full*!"

Dream couldn't speak, all of his energy focussed on *stuffing* the omega to the brim, not even allowing for the *chance* that he wouldn't become pregnant.

Finally, with his face red and breathing erratic and heavy, Dream pumped load after load *after load* of cum deep into George, groaning at the strange but satisfying sensation of knot inflating. Evidently George felt it too, crying out with his voice shaky and pitchy.

"Oh thank you, alpha! Thank you! I feel so *full*, so, so full! Fuck I'm gonna- I- I'm- aahhh~" George went silent for a moment as he too came all over his own chest, sighing contentedly. Once he was finished, he resumed humbly verbalising his gratefulness. "Yesss~ thank you, alpha! I'm so full! I'm going to swell so *big* for you, I feel so wonderful, feel so stuffed. Thank you, alpha, thank you, thank you!"

Dream only half-registered the delightful spewings of his omega, his mind dedicated to staying still so as to not hurt George with his knot, and to do everything he could to maximise the couple's chances of conception. While George had the luxury of slowly coming down from the high of his heat and climax, Dream was stuck in a very precarious state-- resisting movement, rejecting any attempts George made at affection.

*Knot Omega. Knot Omega.*

His heart was still absolutely racing, still breathing heavily on top of George, preventing the omega from moving. When George started to stir under Dream, he was pinned down with Dream coldly

growling above.

"D-Dream?"

## Chapter End Notes

I was fully not gonna release this today and make y'all wait another day for it

Lucky for y'all I'm a very gracious person :)

Hope it was worth the wait!!

## Sweet dreams

### Chapter Summary

Still horny

### Chapter Notes

y'all in the previous chapter's comments: oooh the cliffhanger ohhhh the injustice  
me, just trying desperately to end the chapter and get it posted: yup, guess you could  
say I'm uh... pretty cruel aha

ALSO: a babydoll is like a type of lingerie, it's not an actual toy baby, just wanted to  
clear that up... ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sensation of Dream's knot fully inflated *inside George* was incomparable, all that wonderful, warm seed was trapped inside him with nowhere to go except to his womb. George revelled in the thought that he could realistically *be* pregnant now, so aroused by merely the idea of swelling as the pup grew within him.

The heat more or less ended once George was seeded, a blissful clarity washing over the omega as the ability to think and move slowly returned to him. It was at this point that he became aware of Dream still on top of him. George decided that he would prefer to be lying on his side when the knot started to deflate and so began attempting to shuffle, only to be met with harsh resistance.

Dream's low, forbidding growls sent shivers down George's spine.

"D-Dream?" George softly called out, looking for some trace of recognition in Dream's eyes. There seemed to be a certain fog still clouding them, with the alpha's pupils dilated and fixated on George's belly.

George wriggled again, only for Dream's hands to come down hard, pinning his arms to the bed beneath him.

"Still, omega. Still."

Dream's voice was deep and rough. It wasn't a request, it was a command and George was forced to obey.

The discomfort of being pinned down was bearable; George understood why Dream was behaving this way. It was natural for alphas to become extremely protective over their seeded omegas and Dream was known for being quite thorough in ensuring George's safety, even before the whole mating debacle.

Although 'safe' was hardly the word George would have used to describe how he was feeling right now.

He knew it was still Dream deep down, but with the way that George was being handled, it really felt like there was a stranger in his bed. His adrenaline was pumping, stimulating something of a 'fight or flight' response in George.

"Okay," he softly replied. "Uh, yes... alpha."

Dream half-smiled at that before immediately snapping back to his unnerving state. George started trying to avoid Dream's gaze, looking around his room for something else to think about. Unfortunately, Dream didn't seem to like this, one of his hands reaching to seize George's jaw, drawing his attention back to the alpha on top of him.

Small pricks became apparent in George's eyes as he tried to fight back tears. Dream should have been soothing him after the ordeal but he just...wasn't. George craved the caring side of Dream so badly.

Quite surprisingly though, George became aware that the hand still at his face was gentle. It even felt familiar. Desperate for reassuring affection, he decided to be brave and nuzzle slightly into it, witnessing how Dream's expression softened in an instant. Gentle, barely audible coos gracefully fell from Dream's mouth as George's eyes fluttered shut and he kissed the hand pressed to his cheek.

"Beautiful omega."

Dream sighed the words.

George noted how his voice was calmer, though still retaining the monotony that came with being in the headspace of a rut. While Dream wasn't 'back' per se, he was, at the very least, in the *process* of returning and George was grateful for that.

The hand that had been caressing George's cheek now moved to his belly, right where his womb was located. Dream started to very tenderly rub the area with an open palm in slow, circular motions. He then leaned down to kiss it repeatedly, even to just press his face in close and let it linger. The gestures were so gentle, as though Dream were afraid George would break if he went too fast.

Another ten minutes passed, filled with Dream intermittently stroking different parts of George's face and body, in a very trance-like but nonetheless *loving* manner. Dream's knot finally deflated enough for him to pull out and he sighed as he did. George winced at the huge loss but soon readjusted his position so that he was lying on his side. The feeling of a large body pressing against his back let George know that Dream was calm enough to cuddle with his omega.

It was nice. Especially after so much unpleasantness not so long prior. George felt himself drifting off to sleep, safely back in the arms of his beloved Dream.

*George awoke on his back in bed but things immediately felt... different.*

*For starters, George was alone-- no alpha by his side, though with the definitive scent of one nearby.*

*More jarring however was the fact that, as George looked down, he was met with the sight of a giant, round belly and two large, swollen breasts, both assets showcased erotically by a pale blue, two-piece lingerie set.*

*The top part was a soft and flowy, mesh ruffle babydoll, fitted perfectly around George's intriguing new curves. The material flowing from the bra fell either side of George's belly, revealing it beautifully.*

*A pair of panties in the same shade of blue was currently fighting to contain George's erection, droplets of precum visibly seeping through the material-- though George was unable to see with his belly hindering his view.*

*He looked so promiscuous, all horny and hard with his ripest assets on display for anyone.*

*Luckily, it wasn't just 'anyone' who stepped through the bedroom door.*

*Dream looked at George with primal lust in his eyes, completely naked and rock hard, just like George. He stalked over to the bed like a predator to its prey and George felt his dick twitch in anticipation.*

*As predicted, Dream practically pounced on George, starting with a kiss to the lips and then moving downwards and leaving a trail of open mouth kisses as he went. He kissed around George's cleavage-- the sensitivity there so new and wonderful-- and continued to kiss along George's swollen, pregnant belly, much more gently than before.*

*George's entire body was so responsive to Dream's every movement, the slightest touch making him positively writhe in his current position.*

*The sensation of George's panties being taken off surprised him as he was now quite unable to see that area. What happened next, George assumed, was that Dream took George's dick in his mouth as he felt a tongue beginning to swirl around the tip.*

*At this, George's head was forced back with such force that it almost hurt. He pressed his eyes shut, succumbing to the bliss. Dream gradually increased his pace, travelling up and down George's length effortlessly, making George cry out with pleasure.*

*With George laid on his back , legs spread wide, Dream suddenly reached a hand up while still sucking, with it landing on George's breast. He started to knead and massage the soft flesh, to George's elation. He'd imagined before how it would feel to be fondled like this but never in his wildest, well... dreams had it felt so incredible and so realistic.*

*The scene was heavenly and George moaned and sighed and gasped without restraint.*

*None of it made sense but that wasn't important, not when George felt this good-- looked this good. One of George's own hands reached down and started to stroke the outline of his huge belly, where a pup was likely only days away from being birthed. He was so round, so far along his pregnancy, and George couldn't stop himself from admiring his shape.*

*"Ohh Dream~ oohhh~" George moaned aloud, "ohh alpha~"*

*Right as George's climax was approaching, he felt the world around him beginning to fall away, whining as the previously vivid sensations faded. He tried to hold on to the fantasy, tried to stay forever in that moment but inevitably lost the battle.*

George awoke with a start, breathing heavily and blinking hard as he tried to readjust to the real world. One quick glance down confirmed what George already knew. He ran a hand over his flat chest and stomach, a certain melancholy present as he let the dream fade from his memory.

Like in the dream though, George had awoken alone, but the scent of eggs wafting through the

open bedroom door informed George exactly where Dream was.

#### Chapter End Notes

~and it was all a dream~

# Eggs

## Chapter Summary

Refer to chapter title

## Chapter Notes

Can you guess what food I was eating while I wrote this chapter??

Probably

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream stood over the stove as his eggs cooked, his expression unsettlingly blank. What just happened was... woah. The memory of it already haunted Dream. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw George again, squirming and writhing, begging and thanking him, and then all at once, pinned down with such a look of fear in his eyes.

The last part was the most agonising.

When Dream left George, the omega had been sleeping soundly with his torso covered in his own cum. Dream tried to manoeuvre him while still asleep to the bathroom so that he could clean him up a bit but the second Dream's skin made contact with George's, he'd suddenly started moaning in his sleep.

*"Ohh Dream~ oohhh~ ohh alpha~"*

The sound was intoxicating to Dream-- literally poisonous-- and Dream could feel something starting to trigger within him again. The air still reeked of omega in heat, even after all this time. Dream immediately withdrew his hands and stepped off the bed, backing away from his sleeping lover. Despite the longing in his heart to care for George, Dream just couldn't be near him right now.

Once again in a slightly cloudy headspace, Dream stumbled in to the kitchen and started cooking the strongest smelling food he could think of, frying egg after egg with the window closed and the fan off. The smell was certainly potent, helpful even, but that didn't stop Dream's mind from wandering.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed.

The sound of the shower turning on informed Dream that George was now awake and cognisant enough to attend to himself. Good. Dream wasn't sure if he'd be able to handle seeing George naked.

Soon, every egg in the fridge had been fried and placed unceremoniously in a pile on a large plate. Dream then took a seat at the kitchen table, waiting for George to come in to him.

And moments later, George did come in, wearing nothing but an oversized sweater and a clean pair of panties.

"Hey," he tentatively said.

"Ome- uh, George, hi." Dream cursed under his breath, chiding himself and trying to snap out of it. "S-Sorry about the egg smell, I just uh..." his voice trailed off.

"Did you save me any?" George nervously chuckled.

The atmosphere was so uncomfortable, as though the couple were back to being strangers. George seemed to regard Dream with some level of caution. And it was justified, Dream concurred.

Fuck, he must have really scared him back there.

"George," Dream called out as George made his way over to the egg stack. The sound made him visibly jump, causing such an awful guiltiness to bubble to the surface. "Sorry," he said softly.

George swallowed lightly. "What for?"

Where to begin.

"Scaring you just then. And uh, that whole..." Dream mimicked pinning George's arms to the bed, looking quite apologetic as he did. "I mean I'm still not- but I'm enough now that- I know you were probably really uncomfortable," he blurted out.

A kind look appeared on George's face, something very gentle and reassuring in his beautiful, brown eyes. "Please, you don't need to. I know it was the rut, baby. You really don't need to apologise for anything."

George stepped closer, presumably to give Dream a quick peck or a hug, but Dream held out an arm as a signal not to.

"I'm sorry, I'm still really weird."

"No it's fine, Dream. I get it."

And it seemed like he did. There was no look of hurt on George's face, only understanding.

"It's just that," George continued, "it's sad to know that we just went through all of that when we can't even *have* pups, y'know? Like for a moment there I really felt... I don't know."

"Can't have- what are you talking about, Georgie?" Dream suddenly remembered the events that had preceded his rut. "Oh my god, I never got the chance to tell you. Oh George, you went through that whole heat thinking-"

George cocked his head to the side. "What?"

"The results of the blood tests-- we're both fertile!" Dream happily exclaimed, watching in delight as George's expression shifted from wistfulness to pure elation.

"Shut up," he demanded through a growing smile. "Shut up, oh my god, shut up. Are we actually... am *I* actually?"

"I don't know, baby."

"Well... do I smell any different to you?"

Dream paused. The strong, eggy aroma in the kitchen had stopped him from registering George's scent. Even now as he tried, he couldn't quite make it out. "I can't tell in here. Come with me."

The couple scurried to the living room, closing the door behind them to prevent the egg smell from permeating. A window was already open there, providing good ventilation.

Dream took the opportunity to circle George, to really get a good read on his scent. He took a deep breath.

"Oh my god," Dream quietly uttered after another strong inhale. The scent of the pregnant omega finally brought closure to Dream, ending his rut for good. A sudden calmness washed over Dream, a feeling of blissful satisfaction as he was finally free from his hormonal state-- finally free to hold his omega again. "George... I think you- I think."

"Oh my god," George echoed, tears starting to fall from his eyes. "Oh my-" the omega looked down at his stomach, placing a hand on it. "My..."

Dream joined George in softly crying, his happiness immeasurable. He moved to stand right by George's side, finally able to function around him once again and so, so grateful for this.

A rut ends once the 'goal' has been achieved, and George's current scent provided evidence that it had been.

"George," Dream sniffled, wiping away some of his lover's tears with his hand and then doing the same for himself. "We're gonna be parents."

Both parties were absolutely beaming, bright smiles as they wept together. George reached out to take Dream's hand, guiding it over to where his womb was located.

There was nothing there yet, obviously, but that didn't stop Dream from sobbing even harder. George was pulled in for a tight embrace, his head pressing against Dream's chest. It was in that moment that Dream realised he would do anything to protect George, absolutely anything. There was nothing in the world that George didn't deserve, that Dream wouldn't move mountains to give to him. That beautiful omega, that sweet, loving man-- Dream's everything.

He wanted to keep George in his arms forever, but also wanted to shower him in praise, adorn every inch of his flesh in kisses.

"George, I love you so much more than you will ever know. I'm so blessed to get the privilege of caring for you from now on." Dream pulled away so that he could look at George in the eye. "And I need you to know that there isn't a thing on this earth that I wouldn't do for you. I love you, Georgie. I love you."

George grasped Dream's jaw with both hands, pulling him down for a deep, passionate kiss. His tongue grazed Dream's lips and he immediately opened to grant George passage in his mouth.

Every sense felt heightened, every movement felt brand new. Making out with George like this had Dream gasping and moaning with delight. For once, Dream let George take control completely, simply holding his waist.

Finally George pulled away, placing one final peck on Dream's chest.

"You would do *anything* for me, alpha?"

Dream eagerly nodded.

"Hmm, I'll be sure to bear that in mind," George playfully uttered. A sweet smile once again spread across his face which Dream mirrored without missing a beat. "Oh I love you so much. And I'm so sorry in advance for what a bitch I'm going to be during this pregnancy."

"It's alright, baby. I'm used to it."

George pouted and lightly hit Dream's shoulder before giggling. It was a beautiful sight indeed.

For the rest of the week, Dream scarcely left George's side at all, constantly offering to make him food, to give him massages, to pleasure him in bed-- anything.

"I'm not needy yet, baby" George would always reply. "You'd better keep that same energy when I'm all swollen and helpless in a couple of months though."

But it wasn't about whether or not George was physically capable of these things. No. It was about letting him know that Dream was there for him, at his beck and call, always.

When Monday rolled around, Dream found himself even more on edge than George was. The thought of going to work with him smelling like an omega for the first time, all those people *near* him, fussing over him. Dream could already tell how protective he would become, though hopefully he'd be able to stay in control, for George's sake at least. The last thing the couple needed was Dream growling at anyone who so much as looked in their direction.

It would be fine; Dream could behave, of course he could. Besides George would need his support so Dream really had no choice but to act as normal as possible.

Business as usual. No problem.

#### Chapter End Notes

Little domestic fluff bc we haven't had that in a while <3

## A deep breath or two

### Chapter Summary

Workplace angst aha

### Chapter Notes

So perhaps starting 4 fics right before a huge piece of uni coursework was due in was a bad call....

Slightly later update, sorry lads.

But this chapter is a little longer so there you go I guess :)

*Just breathe.*

George's trembling hand reached for the door to the office, lingering there as he struggled to find the strength or will to push it open.

*Come on, just breathe.*

The tie he was wearing suddenly felt strangling, further impeding on his attempts to calm down.

"Breathe, baby," Dream's voice softly uttered from behind. "You're good, I'm right here."

George nodded slowly, his hand still resting against the door. He just needed to push but, as his hand shook, he found himself withdrawing and taking a step back.

"Is it really noticeable?" George asked, "like my scent... and my mannerisms... do I seem more omega-like, would you say?" He turned to face Dream, biting his lip as he stared into his lover's kind eyes.

Dream inhaled through his nose taking in the sweet scent in all its glory. "I don't really know what you want me to tell you, Georgie. You smell like an omega. You smell really good actually..." Dream's voice trailed off, clearly having noticed the alarmed expression George had begun showcasing. "You don't smell pregnant, if that's what you're wondering. I'm the only one who can tell and that's just because I'm the one who... y'know."

At that moment, a co-worker passed by where the couple were standing in the corridor, brushing close enough for the scent to carry. George recognised this man as someone from the floor below, though they'd never spoken before. The man's head turned and he made eye contact with George as he walked, his pace slowing to a halt. He didn't even try to hide his deep inhale or the way his eyes fluttered in response.

Dream stepped between them, his expression not visible to George as he stared down the beta, but the soft growl and sight of the co-worker bowing his head supplied all the information George needed for how the exchange had gone.

"Oh my god it's already started," George nervously mumbled, his breathing quickening.

A gentle palm was quickly raised to touch George's cheek. "Look at me, okay?" Dream affirmed. "You're alright. And I mean, if you really can't do this, I can always take you home and we can say you're sick. Nobody's going to hurt you, I promise. Nobody's gonna touch you."

"I know," George conceded. "I know how irrational I'm being. And I know the world is changing and I know I'm not *that* goddamn special. But—" The words George sought choked him. He turned towards Dream's touch and nuzzled against his hand.

"I feel so ridiculous," he continued.

"Why? It's understandable that you're so afraid, you don't have to be ashamed."

"I *know*, I know..." George sighed. "It's just so weird having nobody here to support me. God, I can't believe I'm saying this but I wish Sapnap were here."

The couple's good beta friend Sapnap was currently on something of a world tour with his rich boyfriends, Karl and Quackity. It had been quite a few weeks since he'd been seen last and George really found himself deprived of having a friend who was so tuned into the office gossip.

"Yeah, I miss him too. But people around here will adjust, just like he did. Remember when he first met you?" Dream asked.

A smile crept its way onto George's face as he recalled the memories.

"You mean the time he saw me at the restaurant, or when he *actually* met me on the following Monday."

Dream chuckled lightly. "Both I suppose. We were so convinced that it was all over for you, right? And then, once he got over the initial shock of meeting a male omega, he was totally chill."

Dream was right, of course. He so often was. The major source of grief was the actually *getting past* that initial shock, dealing with all the ignorance and stupidity that was sure to come with generations of misrepresenting omegas. George had always hated to be the centre of attention so the thought of being the talk of the office, even for just one day, made him sick to his stomach.

"I just need to get through today," George whispered to himself. "Just gotta stay calm and act like nothing's changed. I can do that. I can do that."

"You've got this, George. Just breathe."

George took one final inhale for good measure and pushed the door open, walking over to his desk and tuning out anyone and everyone around him.

*He's an omega?*

*That's the guy who's always with the alpha.*

*That makes sense.*

*He always seemed a bit... delicate.*

George could hardly tell where the whispers were coming from, but he ignored them regardless. It was unfortunate that his body seemed determined to keep him on edge, heart thumping away at record speed, sweat forming along his brow. He pressed on, pouring himself into his work, as was all he could do at present.

*Oh shit, a male omega.*

*Good for him, coming off beta hormones.*

*Fuck, he must be so scared.*

*I wouldn't have the balls to do that.*

Time passed surprisingly quickly, the hushed mutterings dying down after the first or second hour. Nobody had actually approached George, to his relief.

From across the room, George became aware of Dream sitting at his desk, fiddling with his pen with a word document filling his screen. In actual fact, George's gaze had trailed over to his alpha more often than he'd care to admit throughout the morning, more often than he was even consciously aware of. It was just simple reassurance for himself that Dream was nearby and coping. As worried as George had been for himself, he was also quite uneasy about Dream's...

Well, about Dream.

Ever since the rut-- and in spite of the fact that George *knew* it had ended completely-- there was just something about Dream that George couldn't shake. It was baseless fear of course, utter rubbish, but hard to ignore nonetheless. George found himself fearing that something would set him off, trigger something primal within him again and that he'd be stuck like that, just like in bed...

Nothing had happened so far, but lunch was rapidly approaching.

The sound of shuffling and footsteps drew George's attention over to the small clock in the corner of the screen. Lunch time. Great.

He heard someone approach, assuming that it was Dream and starting to gather his things in preparation to leave.

"Uh, hey, uh..." George looked up to see a small group of coworkers, ranging in age and gender, standing huddled around him. "Hey what's your name again?"

"His name is George I think," another answered.

"So you're an omega, huh George? That's kinda cool."

"Why'd you decide to come off the hormones?"

"Yeah, don't you need them to function?"

"Uh- um I-" George spluttered, completely frozen. He looked over to Dream's desk only to find it empty. "I-I uh-"

"Oh my god, he's an omega. You're probably scaring him," someone said. "I'm pretty sure omegas are all scared of non-omegas."

"W-Well that's not tr-" George tried.

"Oh yeah. But if he can't operate around people, he probably shouldn't be in the workplace, right?"

George could hardly believe his ears. He was *right here*, how were they speaking so openly about this? "Well I-"

"That's what I was thinking when they made all those announcements. Like hello? Omegas are too helpless to be trusted with the pressure of a real job, y'know?"

"Okay, what the fuck is wrong with you people? I don't even *know* you!" George seethed, having found the anger inside himself, startling the crowd of betas with his biting tone. The co-workers exchanged looks, some seeming apologetic, some seeming offended-- one man in particular donning an amused expression.

"Oh the little omega can talk, huh?" he barked. "That's cute." The male beta then leaned in close to George, lowering his voice to a rumble. "You smell so good this close. If you were mine, you'd never work a day in your life, darling omega."

George was really sweating now, wondering where the hell Dream had disappeared to. Some members of the group had dispersed after George's outburst, but the rest just stood motionless, watching the stranger assert himself without offering even the semblance of help.

As George shuffled his position, the claiming mark on his neck was exposed and caught the invasive beta's attention.

"Oh wait, are you-" he began, only to be interrupted by the sound of a fist slamming down on the desk nearby.

All heads turned to the alpha, whose nostrils were flared and skin reddened.

"Get the fuck away from him," Dream bellowed.

For once, George was quite relieved to see Dream in his primal, protective state again.

"Wait, Mr Dream. I didn't-"

"Alpha," Dream assertively corrected. "First you make advances on my omega. Then you disrespect me." The crowd parted as Dream made his way towards the epicenter of the disaster, his mannerisms sharp and aggressive. "He's *mine*, do you understand what that means?"

"Yes, alpha. He just- the smell was- I didn't see the mark!" The man exasperatedly cried before bowing his head and whimpering in submission to Dream.

George started trying to catch Dream's eye but stopped himself, figuring that, with the alpha in this possessive headspace, he should probably also be bowing.

With one final growl of "get the hell out of here, now!" the crowd scattered and George was left alone with his alpha.

"I'm so sorry Geor- why are you bowing?"

"A-As a sign of my submission, alpha," George instinctively replied. He wasn't sure at what point he'd also regressed into a more primitive headspace, but it was evident that he was quite entranced.

Dream tipped up George's chin tenderly, releasing something soothing to counter the panicked scent which was currently enveloping the entire room. It was a good thing that betas couldn't detect emotional scents. "George?" Dream softly called out.

"Dream." George replied, feeling himself returning to normal. "Where-"

"I was talking to the manager in her office. I'm so sorry, I thought people here were better than that." He paused, taking George's hand in the now empty office. "I imagine that got the message across."

George scoffed, bitterly saying, "yeah, now everyone thinks I'm completely fucking helpless, great."

"Oh yeah... I'm sorry about that."

"It's not your fault. Hey," George pulled Dream in close. "You saved me. Thank you."

Dream kissed the top of George's head then bent down to kiss his lips.

They held each other for a moment, before realising that they were wasting precious lunch-break time. The pair grabbed their belongings and started to make their way to their favourite little nearby coffee shop, walking hand-in-hand and grateful for the fact that they could now openly do so.

As Monday mornings go, was this the best? Perhaps not. But was it the worst?

... Probably.

Still, it was over now and the couple were able to continue for the rest of the day undisturbed. George still found himself in a state of unease but, with the entire office now *very* aware of his protector, he managed to get through his work, avoiding any further unsolicited confrontations.

## Already so sensitive

### Chapter Summary

Tiddy Time!

### Chapter Notes

bruh we're at fucking chapter 10 and George has done 0 pregnating yet yikess

Let's change that eh?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few days passed with relative ease. George wasn't approached again after the little 'incident' that had taken place on Monday, to nobody's surprise. Aside from that collision, no changes had really occurred at all, at work or at home. Life was going on as usual.

As he was getting ready for work on Friday, George stood shirtless in front of the large mirror in the couple's bedroom, running his hands over his torso.

"Dream?" He suddenly called out.

"Yeah, George?"

"Does my chest look... any bigger to you?"

Dream, who was in the ensuite bathroom next door, quickly poked his head around to spare George's body a cursory glance before returning to what he'd been doing.

"Uh no, baby. Your chest looks normal."

Suddenly, it hit him like a train what George had actually asked, Dream realising that he wasn't merely wondering if he had gained weight or anything so trivial. Dream walked back into the bedroom, standing behind George and inspecting the omega's flat chest in his reflection as best he could.

George turned and removed his hands to give Dream a better view. As much as Dream wanted to reassure George, sensing the troubled scent he was releasing, he unfortunately had to admit that no visible changes had occurred.

"I thought that they were supposed to grow at a steady and constant rate," George quietly uttered. "But it's already been a week and look... maybe I should ring the GP."

While noticing the lack of growth had initially alarmed Dream, a small voice in the back of his head recited the words of an article to him.

'...concentrated growth spurts at sporadic intervals... specimens who end up with fuller chests'

Dream felt his breath hitch at the notion.

Was George going to end up with... with...

"Uh, G-George," Dream stammered, looking away from the omega and trying to stay calm. "I don't uh- that's- I don't think you need to do that yet."

George raised an eyebrow at Dream.

"It's just that I remember reading something in that article on male omega pregnancies. Uh, I don't really know how to say this." Dream continued to advert eye contact, trying to contain what he regrettably began to realise was a growing excitement within himself. "It said that some omegas' chests grow in like... rapid growth spurts."

Furrowing his brows, George replied. "Really? I haven't heard of that before."

"Well it did say that it was a rare occurrence..." Dream was purposefully trying to be vague, afraid of worrying his lover with a concept that, for all he knew, may have been incorrect anyway. After all, there had been no confirmation of this being the case thus far.

"Rapid growth spurts? So what does that mean for me-- that I'll just wake up in a month with a couple of little tits?"

*Little? Hardly.*

"Uh, s-something like that yeah."

George narrowed his eyes at Dream, moving so that he was stood directly in front of him, so close that Dream could feel his lover's breath. A hand grazed Dream's jaw and then seized his chin, tilting it down so that George could get a proper look in his eyes.

"You're not telling me something. What aren't you telling me?"

"Well George I-" Dream moved to turn away but found his chin forced back.

The omega looked at Dream sternly but his pleading eyes betrayed any genuine venom. Honestly, he just looked worried.

"Please, Dream. What's... What's going to happen to me?"

Shit. And now George was expecting the worst, anticipating something horrid and painful.

Dream sighed, reaching for George's face and holding it. "The article said that 'sporadic growth spurts' were reported by omegas who ended up with uh... larger chests."

"Larger ch-" George choked as his eyes went wide. He immediately looked down at his own flat chest, as though he feared that the knowledge alone would instantly change his anatomy. He stood in silence for a moment, then pursed his lips. "Actually that makes a lot of sense," he confessed.

"Really?" Dream was taken aback by the shift in his lover's demeanor. "How so?"

George tilted his head to the side. "Well whenever I'd like... y'know." He gestured towards him body, miming with his hands the act of stuffing his bra. "I always kinda preferred the larger ones... or not really *preferred* exactly, the bigger ones always fit more uncomfortably. Uh, but the actual

sensation of being... big," George sighed. "I don't know, it always felt quite natural."

A breath of relief escaped Dream's mouth at that. He'd been wondering for a while what George thought about the whole ordeal of growing breasts, worried that he was potentially embarrassed or uncomfortable with the idea. Perhaps that was a little ridiculous, given his penchant for wearing fake breasts every other week. But still, there's a considerable difference between wearing removable tits like an accessory and actually growing whole new organs on his chest.

George suddenly looked to Dream worriedly. "Do you... I mean would *you* mind if I was... y'know..."

"God, no," Dream blurted out, far too hastily for it to seem casual. "I mean, of course not, George. I'll love your body in any form, because I love *you*, idiot." He kissed George's forehead, trying to hide how his cheeks were flushed.

Would he mind if George ended up with huge breasts that he could caress and fondle while George sighed and moaned below his touch?

Absolutely not.

The couple continued to get ready together in comfortable silence, arriving at the office hand-in-hand and silently getting on with their work.

Several hours had passed without any issues. Dream found himself forgetting about this morning's conversation, quite focussed on a program he was coding and breezing through effortlessly. Despite being engrossed in his task, from across the room, Dream was able to make out the faint sound of his omega whimpering.

As Dream turned to look over and check up on George, he saw him dash away, heading in the direction of the bathroom, it seemed.

Naturally, Dream stood up and started to follow, terrified that something was wrong. It wasn't like George to just up-and-leave without warning, especially after the pitiful noise he'd made seconds prior.

As soon as Dream reached the bathroom, he heard the unmistakable sound of George groaning from inside one of the stalls.

"George? Are you okay in there?" Dream tentatively asked, his voice noticeably shaky as his mind ran over every awful scenario that could be playing out behind that door.

"Ahh- Dream- nngh- I'm f-fine. It's- I'm- fu-uck!"

The sounds George was making didn't sound very 'fine'. Actually, they sounded quite afflicted; Dream was surprised that such distress wasn't reflected in George's scent.

Because from George's scent, he seemed almost... elated.

"Ahhh~ Dream it- nnhg!- it's alright, baby. I'm f- f- oohh~"

Dream listened motionless as George continued to moan and groan for a few more seconds before the noises suddenly stopped and the room was plunged into expectant silence.

The door to the cubicle unlocked and opened to reveal George leaning against the wall, his arms carefully holding and concealing his chest. The omega fell into Dream, just letting himself be held

for a moment as Dream tried to process what had just happened.

"George? Are you okay? What happened?"

"Mmm~" George softly moaned. "Yeah, I'm good, Dream. Don't worry."

George started to wriggle free, standing upright and finally granting Dream a chance to see what all the fuss had been about.

Though they were small and hardly visible through the work shirt George was wearing, a pair of petite breasts were now straining against the fabric they were pressed to.

"Oh wow..." Dream found himself completely entranced by the small protrusions, noticing how George's face went redder and redder the longer he stared. But George didn't make any attempt to cover them, nor did he make any exclamation of embarrassment.

"They're not very big..." George bashfully whispered, "but I suppose this will be happening more and more from now on." With a shy smile, George reached for Dream's hands, guiding them to cup his new breasts.

The second they made contact, even impeded by the barrier of the clothing, George instantly let out a resounding moan, his eyes rolling back at the sensation. He looked so good like this, Dream thought to himself, keening under Dream's simple touch.

"D-Dream~! Oh my god! feels so-ooo~"

"How are you already so sensitive?" Dream cooed. "You're gonna be a squealing mess by the end of the month."

"Hhh yess~" George sighed through a dazed grin.

Remembering where they were, Dream retracted his hands, relishing in the soft whine that left George's lips as he did so.

"Georgie, we still have to get through today. Are you- I mean, do they hurt at all?"

George shook his head. "Not the breasts themselves, no. But... there's a bit of friction... my nipples uh..." His voice trailed off towards the end. "I'm... I'm going to need to start wearing bras I think." A smile was evidently tugging at the corner of George's mouth as he said that.

Dream could see the pride in the eyes of his beloved, reciprocating the sentiment happily.

"This is so surreal," George continued. "I feel like I've been waiting for this to happen for such a long time and for it to actually feel *this good*. I don't know how I'm going to be able to focus on work now."

Dream chuckled. "You're going to have to find a way, baby. We still have to get through the rest of the day."

He tenderly kissed George for a few sweet moments, savouring the contentment radiating from his small frame. Then, once again taking George's hand, the couple returned to their respective desks, George putting on his jacket to conceal the subtle swell of his chest so as to avoid any unwanted attention from nosy co-workers.

For the rest of the day, Dream continued to check in on George, frequently catching him looking

down at his body and smiling to himself. A wave of relief hit Dream as he remembered that next week was to be a week working from home, where he would have George all to himself as his breasts continued to grow.

Now Dream was the one struggling to maintain his focus, anticipation bubbling in his stomach for what was to come in the week ahead.

#### Chapter End Notes

I keep seeing y'all comment saying you feel like something bad is gonna happen like babes this is a self-indulgent, feel-good pregnancy fic.

...I mean if y'all WANNA suffer I'm sure I can arrange that lmao but for the most part it's just gonna be fluff, smut and tiddies man ;)

But feel free to request specific scenes if you feel so inclined <3

# **It's happening again**

## Chapter Summary

Tiddy time 2: electric boogaloo

## Chapter Notes

y'all I actually did research for this chapter because I'll be damned if this mpreg omegaverse fic isn't anatomically accurate...

0.o

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Late Saturday morning, George awoke, his back pressed against the chest of his sleeping alpha. Dream's arm was wrapped around George's stomach, causing the pink, silk nightie he was wearing to crease under the gentle pressure.

George's eyes fluttered open as he let himself sleepily enjoy the way he was being held, shuffling back deeper into Dream's embrace and sighing contentedly.

After the events of Friday night-- namely Dream obsessing over George's tiny chest for hours as he tried on a variety of his A cup bras without the stuffing-- George was absolutely enthralled by the way his body was changing, albeit only subtly at this point. It certainly didn't hurt how enthusiastic Dream was either, constantly complimenting him and carefully playing with George's sensitive nipples in a way that wouldn't cause him any discomfort.

Dream's arm briefly vanished as the alpha began to stir, eliciting a soft whine to fall from George's lips. The sound had evidently been received by Dream though as a hand now reappeared at George's hip, pushing under the nightie as it made its way up the slender torso.

George let out a delighted, high-pitched moan the second Dream's hand made contact with George's bare tit, cupping it tenderly and slowly fondling it while avoiding the nipple.

"Ohhh, Dreamm~!"

"Good morning, beautiful," Dream rumbled into the crook of George's neck, gently kissing it as his hand continued to massage the fat of his breast.

Such was the way most mornings went for the rest of the week-- George's first words of the day typically being begs for Dream to keep going and expressions of his pleasure and appreciation. George knew that, as he grew larger, the light tingles would turn into heavy aches as his chest not only developed milk ducts but actually started to *fill* with milk.

Admittedly, he was looking forward to this part considerably less.

But for now at least, George found himself falling in love with his own cute A cups,

simultaneously feeling quite satisfied already with their size, but also guiltily desiring for them to grow much bigger.

It was Tuesday evening when George was hit by his next growth spurt, this time knowing what to expect beforehand and practically bursting with excitement as it began.

"Dream! Dre-oohhh~!" George called out. "It's ha-aah~appening again."

Immediately, Dream rushed into the living room where George had been reclining on the sofa. George manoeuvred himself to be sitting upright, currently wearing nothing but a lace bra, a baggy, white cardigan and a blue, pleated skirt.

"The bra- should I- I mean- do you need help?" Dream frantically asked, his gaze darting between George's eyes and his chest.

George nodded calmly. "Don't- nngh~ panic, b- baby." He removed his cardigan before rotating to give Dream access to the clasp of the bra, sighing as it was unfastened and the slight pressure around his chest alleviated.

George cupped his exposed breasts, feeling them slowly beginning to swell in his hands. Unconsciously, he arched his back, moaning louder as he realised how much more intense the sensation was this time. Waves of heat and pleasure spread from his chest all over his body as he keened with contentment.

Dream leaned over to reassuringly kiss the top of George's head, starting to softly praise and affirm him.

"You look so beautiful like this George... making such pretty sounds..."

George found himself breathing heavily as the process seemed to draw out slightly longer than last time.

"Such a good omega... doing so well, baby..."

For a moment, George's vision clouded over and he bit his lip in a weak attempt to contain and control his bliss.

"Oh god, *look* at you!"

Finally the experience came to an end, George letting out a deep sigh as he dropped his hands from his breasts.

Looking up, he was met by the sight of Dream, eyes wide and blown out, staring eagerly at the body in front of him. George cocked his head to the side, curious what had Dream so shocked, before following the line of vision back to his own chest.

George gasped sharply, his eyes widening dramatically. He felt a heat rise to his cheeks as his breathing faltered at the sight.

With a clearer head, George managed to get a proper look at himself, processing how much he'd *grown*. He was considerably larger than before, larger than he'd ever expected to be at this stage-- probably only C cup but, with his small form, he looked proportionally much bigger.

Dream crouched down, his eyes level with George's chest. "It's only the second week..." he quietly muttered, likely unaware that he'd spoken at all. But George knew what Dream meant by that,

starting to feel a little nervous about just what cup size he'd be by the time his belly began to swell as well.

Tentatively, George poked the swell of one of his breasts with a couple of his fingers, surprising himself by just how much fat was now protruding from his chest.

"May I?" Dream politely asked, his eyes still fixated on George's newly enlarged tits.

George withdrew his own fingers and straightened up his back, nodding as Dream came to sit beside him on the couch. He threw his legs over Dream's lap, shuffling closer and closer until George was practically sat on top of his lover. Dream's hand lightly brushed over George's chest, just barely grazing the nipple as a surprised yelp escaped George.

"Was that not okay?" Dream lovingly checked. "Is it- are you too-"

"No, *please* do that again. Oh my god, touch me again, please!" George eagerly cried.

And Dream certainly didn't have to be asked twice.

George's head was forced back as sudden hands seized his breasts and started to vigorously grope and squeeze the soft fat. The sounds escaping George's mouth were high-pitched, broken and, quite frankly, utterly whorish-- a beautiful string of gasps and moans. Dream's hands moved from merely kneading the flesh closer towards the areola, and it wouldn't have taken a genius to work out what he was going to do next.

With more care and less force, Dream pinched George's nipples, causing him to actually scream in pleasure, writhing helplessly on Dream's lap.

"Oh my-! Fuck! Oh god, yes~! *More~!*" George started to cry out, only short moments before the gentle pinches resumed and a pair of lips came crashing down against his own. Without waiting for a polite invitation, George furiously pushed his tongue into Dream's mouth, continuing to moan and groan as his nipples were stimulated so delightfully.

Dream took the initiative to alter the couple's position, picking George up and lying him flat with his back to the couch before climbing on top of him. George whined when the hands withdrew from his breasts but squealed in delight once he found himself pinned underneath Dream.

Pinned again. This was becoming something of a habit for the alpha, George briefly thought.

This time however, George didn't mind at all. How *could* he mind, given the unfathomable *bliss* he was feeling? Dream resumed playing with George's tits, making a series of hungry groans and eager pants, before an idea seemed to flash behind his half-lidded eyes.

Dream kissed George again, this time refusing him the opportunity to deepen the gesture, and with good reason. He began leaving a trail of kisses heading downwards, from George's mouth to his chin to his collarbone and then to his-

"Aaaaaahhh~! Yesssss~!"

Wet, open-mouthed kisses were planted all around the beautiful swell of George's breasts, the omega arching his back, almost forcing Dream to taste even more, not that the alpha minded one bit. Dream teased George's nipple with his tongue, likely revelling in the way that George's breath hitched, practically choking him as he struggled to cope with the incredible sensations.

Suffice to say, George was *extremely* sensitive and Dream was quite content to exploit this for his

omega's pleasure.

Eventually, and perhaps quite inevitably too, George found himself nearing climax from merely having his tits played with. It would have been embarrassing but it just felt too *good*.

Dream, being the intuitive alpha he was, must have sensed this as he moved off George's breasts, kissing downwards, until he reached the waistband of George's skirt. The fabric was lifted and Dream's head disappeared underneath, with George's panties suddenly around his knees, then ankles, then kicked onto the floor somewhere.

Once again, George squealed as Dream took his cock in his mouth, already starting to bob up and down and running his tongue along the entire length as he went. George hastily grabbed his own breasts and picked up where Dream had left off, fondling the tender flesh and pinching and pulling at his nipples.

After almost no time at all, the accumulation of all the wonderful stimulation tipped George over the edge.

"*Dreammm~*" he moaned as his eyes were forced shut and he came down Dream's throat, Dream smiling dazedly as he rose his head to marvel at the sight.

"You're incredible, George. Y-You're amazing," he cooed. "T-Think I'm gonna-"

Possessed by the high of his orgasm, George found himself pleading to Dream, "my chest, alpha! Cum on my breasts! Please!"

Dream nodded and jerked himself to completion, George grinning as his chest was suddenly coated with warmth. He sighed, looking down at Dream, who was resting his head on George's thigh.

The couple laid for a moment, coming down from their respective climaxes. George heard Dream chuckle, furrowing his brows in intrigue.

"Can't believe I just came on your tits," he said softly, smiling with his crimson-flushed face. George also felt a familiar heat rising to his own cheeks, becoming aware of the ickiness of the substance he was covered in. "Come on, let's get you washed."

George nodded and let himself be picked up bridal-style and carried into the bathroom, taking off his skirt and stepping into the shower with Dream swiftly joining him.

#### Chapter End Notes

George was initially gonna be a C cup at the very end but I was like nah this is my fic and I wanna go Bigger!

## The beta returns

### Chapter Summary

Tiddy Ti- I'm just kidding.

Had you fooled for second there tho, didn't I?

### Chapter Notes

Sampam, my beloved.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tuesday was the last time George had a growth spurt for the rest of the week... which Dream was fine with... *obviously*.

The omega really was plenty big enough anyway for the couple's mutual satisfaction and George had taken to changing outfits up to three times a day just to cycle through his vast wardrobe of feminine clothing. He now looked even more incredible in everything he wore, Dream thought, but perhaps he was slightly biased in matters regarding George's wonderful body. There was just something about knowing that the ample swell of George's breasts under his shirts and dresses was *real*-- that when Dream fondled him, George was actually *feeling* it-- that made the experience so much sweeter.

On the other hand however, the additional mass on his chest had brought with it few side-effects; some of them predictable, some less so...

George would occasionally complain of back pain, soreness around his breasts, uncomfortable bras-- all entirely understandable grievances, Dream knew. And he had absolutely no problem massaging every inch of George's body either, delighting in the heavenly sounds that would escape from George under his tender touches.

But the week was coming to an end and the realisation that George would have to go to work with his chest in its current condition had only just dawned on Dream as Sunday evening rolled around.

"What are you gonna wear to work tomorrow? Have you- I mean, do you already have a plan?" Dream softly asked as they were getting into bed. George was wearing a gorgeous, white, satin nightslip, his breasts outlined wonderfully by the thin material.

He delicately climbed under the covers and Dream followed suit, turning off the lights beforehand and getting nice and close to his pregnant lover.

"I mean, I don't really have much of a choice. I can't exactly wear my normal work shirts anymore." George lightly chuckled. "I actually bought some formal blouses a while ago just in case I got too... yeah. Never really expected to have to wear them but uh, they're quite comfortable, I recall."

Dream quietly cleared his throat. "And the rest of your outfit?" he prompted.

"Yeah... right... that... uh-" Though Dream couldn't see it through the darkness, he knew that George's cheeks were flushing from what Dream had implied. "For now at least, I don't wanna draw too much attention, any moreso than I already... with my... y'know."

"No, yeah, obviously," Dream quickly interjected, trying not to be too transparent about his hopes that George would wear one of his charming skirts to work. It was a silly thought. George never wore feminine clothing in public; he hadn't since their first date in the restaurant all those months ago. It frustrated Dream that George was still unable to truly express himself through his apparel, but ultimately his safety was more important than anything-- especially now that he had a pup growing in his belly.

George turned from lying on his back to leaning on his side, facing the wall, with Dream spooning him as the couple started to drift off to sleep. Dream's hands made their way upwards to gently cup George's breasts over the nightdress, eliciting a contented sigh from the omega but no further reaction. This was, after all, completely normal now.

When Dream awoke and checked his phone, he noticed that he had 5 new messages from Sapnap:

*' Hasta la vista baby !*

*I'm back in the office today*

*Missed you so much man*

*And Gogy poo*

*Can't wait to see y'all in a couple hours !*

Dream couldn't help the massive grin that spread across his face as he read what Sapnap sent.

He and George had yet to meet the mysterious beta couple who had whisked Sapnap away to far off lands, and somehow managed to convince the office to give him so much unpaid vacation time.

Having Sapnap back at work would probably be good for George too, especially given that today was likely to be a little awkward, with George showcasing his impressive new curves. At least some attention would be drawn by the beta who would no doubt spend the entire day gushing about his travels to anyone who would listen.

And hopefully the *other side-effect* wouldn't be so bad as well.

Dream and George arrived together, lingering for a second outside the tall building. The blouse George was wearing was navy blue chiffon with cropped sleeves, fitted but still flowy and tucked into his work pants, unintentionally enhancing George's figure. He looked really good, Dream thought, with his pale skin contrasted against the deep material, the blouse hugging George's breasts but not straining. Dream just hoped that George wasn't feeling too self-conscious in the feminine shirt, but from his scent, he seemed fairly calm.

Immediately they were greeted by a few interested looks and hushed whispers as they approached

the entrance, but by now the office was well aware that attempting to stir up trouble with the alpha and his omega was ultimately a bad idea.

The only person who *did* address the couple however did so with a massive grin on his face, spotting them from across the corridor and breaking into a sprint in their direction.

"Dream! George!" He called out, slamming into Dream and pulling him in for a tight hug.

Dream laughed heartily. "Hi Sapnap. You look good, brother."

And he did. Sapnap was positively glowing, no doubt from all the 'pampering' he'd been receiving from his boyfriends.

"Haha thanks, I feel good, man. Karl and Quackity and me did this *amazing* thing where we... y'know what? I'll tell you about that later." Sapnap pulled out of the embrace and knowingly winked. "And I mean, you guys look-" Sapnap began, about to go in for a hug with George and stopping in his tracks, eyes widening as he stared at George's swollen chest. "Woah, George... why are you wearing your fake tits at work?"

"They're not fake. I'm uh- I'm pregnant!" George subtly announced, not trying to draw unwanted attention. Though his cheeks flushed slightly, he was proudly smiling nonetheless.

"No way! I'm gonna be like... an uncle?!" Sapnap excitedly exclaimed. "What the hell? Y'all didn't even tell me! Like, congratulations! That's cool as shit! Oh wait, can I feel 'em?" Sapnap gestured at George's chest.

Dream's mouth fell open, shocked by the audacity of his friend. "Sapnap!"

The beta pouted. "What? I'll be quick, I just wanna touch."

"Absolutely not. You can't just-"

"It's okay, Dream." George faintly cut in, his voice sounding softer than before, almost trance-like. He had wrapped his hands behind his back and was pushing his chest outwards in Sapnap's direction. "The beta can feel my breasts if he wants to."

Dream recognised the situation instantly, shooting Sapnap a sharp warning glare. "Sapnap. You are not going to touch my omega right in front of me."

"*Your omega?*" he scoffed, completely oblivious. "Damn you're really possessive now, huh."

"No, fuck it's not that. It's just- George?" Dream paused, witnessing the state of the omega. His eyes were half-lidded and he was now looking at Dream expectantly, bowing his head slightly.

"Dammit," Dream cursed under his breath.

All at once, Sapnap registered George's expression too, looking fairly taken aback. Even a beta like Sapnap could tell when an omega was in a submissive stance, and it was quite obvious that George wasn't very alert at present. Sapnap then looked back to Dream, furrowing his brows and morphing into a worried expression. "What's going on? Is this something that happens often?"

"Increasingly," Dream begrudgingly admitted.

This was the *other* side-effect that seemed to have commenced with the arrival of George's larger breasts. Dream had started to notice that George would pause whatever he was doing and just look

to the alpha like he was awaiting instructions-- or more accurately, commands. It was a little heartbreaking to see Dream's beloved losing his will every so often. Dream had immediately researched the phenomenon, finding out that it was unfortunately a common feature of omega pregnancies, one which typically ended by the second month.

"Will you give me a minute alone with him?"

"Yeah no worries man." Sapnap seemed to be trying to catch George's eye, but his gaze was now firmly transfixed on Dream. "Uh, sorry if I caused this."

Dream quickly assured Sapnap that he'd done nothing wrong and promised that they'd catch up later, then gently took George by the hand and guided him over to the server room that they used to frequent. George swayed back and forth as he stood, with big, glossy eyes beholding Dream's every movement.

Finally, George spoke. "*Your omega*," he smiled dazedly. "Yes alpha, I am yours. Only yours. Belong to you."

"George, baby? I'm gonna need you to come back to me, okay?" Dream started to rub circles into George's shoulder, attempting to ease him out of his state. "I'm yours too, remember? *I belong to you*, George, just as much as you to me."

George frowned hearing this, cocking his head to the side in confusion. "You are mine, alpha?"

"Yes, George. We belong to each other- we belong *with* each other. We're equals."

Dream had found that this strategy was the best approach, reminding George that he didn't need to be docile or obedient, that he was loved as a partner and an individual.

"...equals," George echoed, blinking as the world came back into focus. Dream let out a sigh of relief as George looked at the hand on his shoulder and raised an eyebrow. He then seemed to process what had happened, exclaiming "oh this is ridiculous! It happened again?!"

Dream nodded sympathetically. "It's normal, George. I know you hate it but it's supposed to stop once your breasts have finished growing... if that brings you any comfort."

George looked down at his chest, bringing up a hand to cup the swell of one breast to get a feel for its weight.

"Can believe I'm gonna be even bigger..." he mumbled. "Now I'm just hoping the next growth spurt comes some day *after* we've gone home."

Dream hummed in agreement, then leaned in to kiss George quickly before the couple headed up to their floor to begin another week of work.

## Chapter End Notes

Not me continuing to write subspace George chapters...

I JUST THINK HE'S NEAT OK?!



## Of course this happens now

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap being helpful and also completely bloody helpless

### Chapter Notes

Y'all.

I dropped my phone in water.

I had to write this on my la- \*gags\* my laptop.

I hate this.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

No.

Not now, please.

No, no, no.

George had been so sure he could power through this-- just like he'd been 'so sure' he could delay his true heat a few weeks ago-- but once again, he fell victim to his own hubris. What George *should* have done as soon as he started to feel weird was to excuse himself and go home for the day but *no*, his pride wouldn't allow that because, despite everything, the omega continued to underestimate the power of his own biology.

The current sensations George was experiencing felt slightly unlike on the previous two occasions; the intensity not necessarily greater, merely different.

Breathing heavily, straining to keep his eyes open, George spared a glance at his phone to check what time it was.

'Wednesday'

'16:40'

The work day ended at five o'clock. George only had to last another twenty minutes before he could go home for the evening and have his chest expand in the peace and comfort of his own residence. But of course, *of course*, he would find himself squirming and panting at his desk with a near-complete coding project casting harsh, white light from his screen into his now rather sensitive eyes.

And of course this would happen on the *one day* George had decided to wear a skirt to work.

To his credit, the skirt was from the 'office wear' part of the store it had been purchased from, which just so happened to have been located right next to the maternity section... The black, fitted, pencil skirt went down further than George was used to-- just barely above the knee. Serious

internal debate had been required to decide whether George wanted to wear it at all or not, but seeing the look of enthrallment in Dream's eyes when he saw the omega select it this morning had been enough to convince him. Plus, George himself had to admit that he looked *good* today in the professional outfit. Apart from a few passing glances and encouraging smiles, nobody had reacted much either, and George found himself feeling confident and well, normal-- no different from all the other people in skirts around the office.

Dream had just gone in for a meeting with one of the pair's superiors-- another senior alpha trying to promote Dream to a position he 'should' be in, despite the fact that Dream had declined such offers many times. He was always quite clear that he was happy with his current role and that a beta should get the promotion instead.

Regardless, he was once again absent from his desk with George starting to panic. Unsure as to why exactly, the omega found himself seriously in need of reassurance and comforting from someone he trusted.

Before he even knew it, George had seized his phone and was hastily messaging Sapnap to come and meet him in the server room *now*.

Drawing as little attention to himself as possible, George rose from his desk and scurried off, eagerly awaiting the arrival of Sapnap who worked one floor up. The surges began almost the second the door closed behind George and he clutched at his breasts, cupping them through his blouse and bra in a desperate attempt to further delay the growth. Waves of bliss began to traverse throughout his entire body, concentrating in his chest in particular.

*Yes.*

*Oh fuck, yes!*

*More!*

Soon enough, George was a writhing, moaning mess, squeezing and fondling himself as he recklessly abandoned any desire to contain the swelling.

Suddenly the door swung open, with Sapnap bursting in, frantically shouting "holy fuck, what's happening?!"

*Oh thank god!*

George stared at Sapnap with wide eyes and blown out pupils, still holding his chest with both hands.

"Sapna- ahh~" George's attempt to address his friend morphed into a low moan as he felt his chest starting to throb uncomfortably within the constraints of the bra. "Need you to he- nngh~ help me!"

The beta stared in bewilderment for a moment before, following a groan and forceful arching of George's back, he sprang into action.

"What do you want? What can I do?"

George fell to his knees, weakly starting to fidget with the hem of his blouse then raising his arms out in front of him.

"Off! Off!" he cried.

With a look of hesitation on Sapnap's face, he tentatively approached and bent over, slowly lifting the shirt over George's head, discarding it carelessly on the floor. The beta then seemed to find himself in something of a trance, staring intently at George's breasts tightly pressed against his bra.

"Off- nngh- bra- ahhh!~ too-"

At this, Sapnap expressed serious reluctance. "No way! George, I-"

"Now, Sapnap!"

"But your alpha didn't grant me permission to- I can't-"

George damn near sobbed as another rush of swelling sent him into a further state of distress.

"P-Please, Sapnap... pl-ease... help me," he whimpered, his eyes brimming with tears despite how, in actuality, the pain wasn't really that bad. George just felt so pitiable in that moment, starving for some relief.

Sapnap pulled out his phone, hurriedly typing something and then shoved it back into his pocket. He moved behind where George was kneeling, and the sensation of fingers fiddling with the clasp of the bra forced a frustrated groan to escape from George's mouth.

"I'm sorry, okay? I have two boyfriends, I don't exactly deal with a lot of bras these days, George."

After an *unending* two or three seconds of struggling, the back was unfastened and, with the overwhelmingly pleasurable feeling of relief, George sighed. For good measure, he shimmied the straps off his shoulders, letting the bra fall to the floor. Immediately after, George cupped his completely exposed, gradually-expanding breasts and let nature take its course.

Now fully topless, George was free to enjoy the bliss of the enlargement, sighing and moaning as his chest grew heavier.

Sapnap had backed away and, from across the room, the soft sound of a mantra being uttered turned George's attention back to the beta who had helped him.

"Fuck, okay, I love my boyfriends and I'm very happy with my boyfriends and I'm just helping out my friend and *totally not turned on* right now and holy fuck Dream's gonna fucking kill me-"

George was about to speak but figured he'd just leave Sapnap to cope with the situation on his own. He was doing alright so far...

After a few more not-so-silent, silent moments of George's chest expanding and Sapnap practising the self-restraint of a lifetime, the door to the server room swung open with a familiar scent now filling the air.

"Oh, Georgie!" Dream called out, rushing to his omega's side where he was still positioned on his knees on the floor, holding his larger chest with both hands. George smiled up at Dream with blown-out pupils and started to proudly raise up his chest, showcasing the growth. Dream's reaction was quite satisfactory, the alpha's eyes widening and mouth falling agape as he saw what George believed was now his D cup chest.

"Ahem," Sapnap called out from where he was standing on the other side of the room, strategically *away* from the action, "if everything's all good here, am I free to..." He swallowed harshly, motioning towards the door.

“Fuck, yes, of course. Thanks for messaging me, man,” Dream replied. He stood up and started to walk over to Sapnap, despite George’s forlorn whimpering, and pulled him into a friendly hug. Dream then whispered something into Sapnap’s ear that George couldn’t quite make out, eliciting a chuckle from the beta and one final wave goodbye.

Once the couple were alone, Dream went back over to his omega, helping George to his feet as he continued to clutch his breasts, flesh spilling out between his fingers. George slowly, temptingly, uncovered his chest, letting Dream gawk at how the already-large breasts were now even more swollen. The weight difference was already evident to George and he felt his back muscles tensing slightly to account for the additional mass. This time, when Dream reached out and started fondling George’s tits, he squeaked and winced, now aware of a new ache in his chest.

“Shit, are you okay? Does that not feel-“

“Sore,” George whispered, “tender.”

“Okay, I won’t... okay.” Dream looked at the discarded bra and blouse on the floor. “Are you going to put those back on or...?”

George hummed softly in contemplation. “No bra. W-Wanna go home now, alpha” he whined.

Dream nodded, sparing a quick glance at his phone and relaying to George that the time had passed five o’clock. He retrieved the blouse and helped George to get it back over his head, with George momentarily becoming entranced by the way his sensitive nipples poked through the thin fabric without a bra to provide a barrier. Pretty soon, this area would become sore, George was aware, so he was eager to get home as quickly as possible.

The office was fairly empty as the couple made their way out and back to their car. Nevertheless, Dream held George close, his stance protective and vigilant-- something the omega appreciated.

Once sat in the passenger’s seat, with Dream in the driver’s, a wave of sentimentality hit George, leading him to surprise his alpha as he leaned across the car to nuzzle into Dream’s lap as best he could with the gear stick in the way. Dream gasped, then softened and allowed George to lie there for as long as he needed.

## Chapter End Notes

Pray for my damn phone lads

## Permission to feast

### Chapter Summary

It's the long-awaited maid chapter!! Grubs up, boys!!

### Chapter Notes

FEAST!

Horny mfs

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"George, baby, I need to go in the kitchen. I think I left my phone in the refrigerator."

"Oh my god, just wait a second, Dream. What do you need your phone for right now anyway?"

"Did you not hear me say it's in the *refrigerator*?"

"Shit, fuck, okay fine I'll-"

Dream heard the sound of high heels tapping around on the tile of the kitchen floor as George dashed to the fridge to retrieve the cellular device before it broke. The alpha had no idea what George was up to, having been extremely secretive since the pair woke up that morning.

Ever since George's breasts had... honestly, Dream wasn't sure *what* had happened to the formerly petit man's body. Only a couple of weeks ago he was barely an A cup and now he was huge, and the month wasn't even complete yet!

And since the most recent growth spurt, George had been remarkably tender, going through phases where he just had to cup his aching, large chest to take the weight off his back, not interested in any kind of external stimulation and not letting Dream's hands anywhere near. Dream understood-- or he tried to at least-- but George was also getting to be more unpredictable of late, his mood changing without warning. One second he was frigid, sore and pitiable, the next he was on his knees, pinching his nipples, begging and pleading for Dream's cock inside him.

All Dream could do was take what he was given, appreciate the good and help George through the bad.

Today was Saturday and George had warned Dream the previous night, right before the couple went to bed, that he wanted to try something special but required Dream's full cooperation. Without hesitation, Dream had agreed but now found himself slightly regretting it.

A hand wearing a long, black, velvet glove reached around the slightly ajar kitchen door, handing Dream his chilled appliance before the door slammed shut. From behind it, a voice called out

"there you go, now piss off and wait in the bedroom for me. I'll be two seconds."

Chuckling lightly, Dream sighed but complied with George's instruction, returning to their shared room and flopping down onto the mattress. He pulled out his phone, opening his Minecraft: Pocket Edition app and loading a parkour map to provide a quick distraction. Soon, Dream found himself quite engrossed in what he was doing, not even noticing as the door suddenly opened.

"Dream?" George softly called out, prompting a dismissive hum from Dream as he continued playing on his phone without looking up.

George scoffed, likely rolling his eyes. "Master?" he tried again, now definitely managing to pique Dream's interest.

*Master?*

Dream immediately pressed the power button, turning the screen off and slowly looking up.

And what a sight he was greeted with.

George was standing in the doorway, balancing in one hand a tray supporting a glass of something clear and bubbly and a plate containing a sweet-smelling, baked treat. His other arm was wrapped around his back, drawing attention to his cinched, corseted waist.

God, did George look *ravishing* in that maid dress.

Dream hadn't seen the outfit since his first week staying in the omega's house, yet the wonderful image was seared into his long-term memory, or so he thought. But today, the get-up was slightly different from how Dream remembered it.

The dress itself was the same, short and puffy and utterly beguiling. Though, when previously the bust of the dress had been shifted up to conceal George's padded bra, it had now been pulled down, showcasing his impressive, mouth-watering cleavage. George's large breasts were pushed up by the bra he had on underneath and they looked absolutely tantalising, spilling gorgeously over the top of the dress. In addition, George had a bow tie choker around his neck, a headpiece that matched the rest of the maid costume, and was wearing elbow length, velvet gloves with rings over the top on his fingers.

Dream's eyes fixated on George's enticing chest for a moment longer before he started to lower his gaze. Fuck, the frilly, puffy, layer-upon-layered skirt of the dress was so *short* and George's thin, red, lace panties were completely visible, completely incapable of concealing any aspect of the omega's erection.

Going lower still, George flaunted his milky pale, soft, plush thighs and decorated them with a pair of thin, white stockings, held in place by garters. Red high heels accentuated George's legs, making them appear long and shapely.

The maid was exquisite, Dream's heart caught in his throat as he struggled to breath at the sight.

It didn't help that George's shadowed, dark and sharply-lined eyes rolled once more upon seeing Dream's pathetic, breathless reaction, or that his plump, red lips pulled into a smirk as the maid feigned annoyance.

"Do I *finally* have your full attention, Master?" he asked, his voice taking on a posh, sultry tone, the likes of which Dream hadn't heard before.

"G- Geor- wh- you-" Dream spluttered, the blood leaving his head-- and seemingly rushing to his dick as lust soon rendered him empty-headed and immobile.

"So I do. *Marvellous*." George set the tray down on Dream's night stand before crawling onto the bed beside him but positioning himself upright on his knees. He reached across to the tray, lifting the glass and carefully moving it to Dream's lips. "Champagne, Master?"

Dream blinked hard and nodded, sitting himself up now as he let George guide the drink to his mouth. After a single sip, Dream was already satisfied, barely able to swallow as all the moisture had disappeared from his mouth.

"Not drinking with me?" he croakily asked without thinking.

"Can't, Master. I'm pregnant, you see."

Dream chuckled, feeling rather silly, and George copied the gesture.

"George- or uh, *Maid*, this is incredible but uh, wh-what's the occasion?"

"Oh nothing in particular, Master. I merely realised that my breasts were now the perfect size for this outfit. Do you think they look good today, Sir?" George placed the barely-drunk glass down once again and pressed his chest together for Dream. "You know, I was so hoping they'd grow to this size."

Nodding eagerly, with a dazed smile plastered across Dream's face, he reached out a hand to touch George only for it to be slapped away.

"Master! How inappropriate!" George dramatically cried, tilting his head away to show his disapproval. "Why, you haven't even *tried* your dessert yet!"

Dream found himself quite amused by George's theatrics, though he had to admit that the small tart looked rather good, and suspiciously familiar...

"Wait, isn't that the pastry from that episode of 'the big, English baking show' that we watched last night?"

George sighed, tutting as he tried and failed to suppress a fond smile. "Do you mean 'The Great British Bake-Off' by any chance, Master?" Dream blushed and nodded. "Perhaps it is... I seem to recall you mentioning that it looked quite appetising."

So George had taken it upon himself to recreate the fancy little delicacy, all for Dream, all for their little roleplay. Dream was touched that George had even registered the comment he'd made, assuming that the omega was too tired after a day in the office where he'd had to contend with his aching chest.

George's hand reached across for the tart, moving it over to Dream's mouth for a bite. The second Dream's mouth came into contact with the sweet creation, he found himself moaning, and not just from the delicious dessert. Each time George shifted, his breasts would move too, gently being knocked about with each motion George made with his arms. Dream figured that George wasn't used to his new size yet, and kept underestimating just where his chest ended, leading to the glorious display of the soft swell of his tits getting poked and compressed frequently.

The beautiful maid continued to serve his Master, alternating between the tart and beverage until both had been consumed. Soon enough, the tray was empty and Dream found himself craving something slightly different.

As the last bite was taken, George giggled to himself. "Seems like you enjoyed your special treat, Sir."

Dream easily picked up on the prompt, replying in a preposterous, fake British accent "indeed I did, Maid, and yet... I'm still hungry."

"Well then, I suppose you have my permission," George stated, his tone very matter-of-fact.

"Permission to do what, Maid?"

"Isn't it obvious, Master?" George leaned in close to Dream's ear, using his hands to press his soft, warm breasts right up against Dream's chest. His voice lowered to a sensual whisper. "Permission to feast."

A beaming grin spread across Dream's face as he seized George's waist, pulling him on top of where he was sat, and starting to fondle every inch of the omega's form, from his ass to his waist to his back and so on. George squealed as he was so abruptly repositioned and started to squirm in delight under Dream's hands, crying out for more.

"Touch me, Master! Touch me!"

He reached down to grab Dream's hands and moved them to his cleavage, loudly moaning as Dream squeezed and groped the tender flesh beneath his fingers.

"So the soreness is gone today?" Dream quickly checked, back in his normal accent, with George biting his lip and nodding frantically.

"Comes and go- ooohh~ goes, Master. Wanna be touched now! Aaaaahh~ yes, keep doing that!"

Dream had snaked his fingers into George's bra and was now vigorously kneading the heavy fat on George's chest. He hadn't had a chance to get a good feel since the growth on Wednesday as George had taken a while to adjust, and though the difference didn't *seem* too significant, he now realised why George had been so affected. There was a noticeable difference in the mass- no, in the *density* of George's breasts; they felt much firmer-- fuller, in fact.

"Fuck George, you're amazing!" Dream gushed, adoring the way his omega turned crimson at the praise.

George moved himself down along Dream's body, ending up straddled on Dream's thigh. He started to grind against it, leaning forward so that Dream could continue to caress his cleavage. George had set a steady pace for himself, a soft string of sighs spilled from his lips at the friction against his cock.

The sight of George getting himself off while also dangling his breasts so close to Dream's face was erotic to say the least, and Dream found himself in desperate need of release himself.

"Hey!" he suddenly called out, startling George whose eyes had become half-lidded. "What do you think you're doing, Maid? Think you can just grind against my thigh like some whore and leave me straining against my pants?"

Dream's stern facade wavered slightly as he wanted to ensure that George understood he was playing a role.

"Huh? Oh!" George gasped. "Oh yes, of course! So, so sorry, Master. Just so needy- *you* just make me so needy, Sir."

"Would you like to ride my cock, Maid? I mean- I *want* you to ride my cock, wanna watch your tits bounce as you pleasure us both... if you wanna, of course," Dream hastily added.

George giggled at how bad Dream was with role-play, even after all this time, but nodded eagerly and continued leaning forward as he, from his blissful facial expression, presumably started to stretch himself out. Dream's gaze once again landed on George's chest, his every twitch and jolt making the breasts jiggle beautifully.

Finally, George removed his panties and pulled down Dream's pants and boxers to reveal his large, erect dick. With his hole now lined with a generous coating of slick, George lined up with Dream's cock, gently lowering himself down and whining contentedly at the stretch. Dream gasped as his dick was suddenly encased by a wonderful, wet heat, just laying back as George started to manoeuvre himself.

With every bounce, Dream marvelled at the way George's breasts rose and fell, tossed about by the momentum, practically spilling out of the beautiful dress they were confined within. George ripped off one of his gloves, moving his exposed fingers to his mouth so that he could suck on them, moaning and groaning at the sensation.

He looked a picture like this, so clearly in a state of pure, mindless pleasure, just riding Dream with his eyes pressed shut. After an agonisingly long time filled with George slowly and steadily fucking himself on Dream's dick, Dream finally started to feel his orgasm approaching.

"Georgie! I'm gonna- I'm~"

The omega removed his fingers from his mouth, letting a low, drawn-out "yessssssss~" fall from his lips.

Euphoric pleasure traversed Dream's body as he came into George, with George in tandem cumming all over the inside of his skirt and partially onto Dream's torso.

Swiftly following his orgasm, George came crashing down, landing by Dream's side and unconsciously pulling the alpha's head closer to his breasts, not that Dream minded at all. Cushioned by the soft pillow George's chest provided, Dream started to drift off, acutely aware that George had already fallen asleep.

'Good,' Dream thought to himself, 'he deserves to sleep after such a wonderful little performance.' Dream once again found himself feeling like the luckiest alpha in the world.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeah I now realise I could've released this as a separate oneshot...

Whatever, this whole fic is self-indulgent anyway.

Hope you enjoyed!

# An emotional rollercoaster

## Chapter Summary

Tiddy time? Really? Okay fine, but this is the last one I swear...

## Chapter Notes

Ayo check the end of chapter notes please fanks

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George knew it was coming.

He just didn't know... when...

The couple had planned everything so that the final week of the first trimester would end up being one where they were working from home, anticipating one final growth spurt from George.

But so far, nothing had happened.

"I mean, this is good right?" Dream had said halfway through the week. "Like that you're done growing. 'Cause you're already like... you know like..."

"I'm already *what*, Dream?" George snapped in response. Burning rage rose to his cheeks, despite the fact that he'd been completely calm only seconds prior. The mood swings were a fun feature of the pregnancy, George thought, and he was sure Dream agreed...

When they first started, around last weekend, Dream had initially taken a lot of what George said in the heat of the moment to heart. Any time George lashed out over something trivial and minor, Dream felt genuine hurt, his alpha instincts telling him that, when his omega was in distress, it was *his* fault, *his* responsibility to relieve and soothe.

Luckily, as the days had passed, Dream became much better at dealing with his hormonal lover.

"Because you know," George had angrily continued, "I'm gonna get a whole lot *bigger* before this fucking thing is over so if I'm 'already' big enough for you, then-"

Dream sighed and raised a hand to George's cheek, instantly pacifying the hysterical omega. "George, baby. You know that's not what I meant. I adore your body and I'll still adore it whatever size or shape it ends up. I love you, Georgie, I love you so much, please remember that always." Dream leant over to kiss George tenderly on the forehead. "I just don't want you to be in pain, baby. I know your chest and back already ache as it is."

George had to admit that Dream had a point, and found himself nodding along, forgetting all about his little outburst. "You're right, it's good that this is my final size. I'm... I'm happy with being this

size," he'd faked a smile, trying to convince Dream and himself that these words were the truth.

Well, they *were* the truth, to an extent; George would have been happy with D cups, very happy indeed. But it wasn't a matter of what would have made him happy, it was a matter of what George knew deep down and some part of George was utterly convinced that he hadn't finished growing.

An entire week had passed with no new developments and the sun had just started to rise on Sunday morning, the very last day of the first trimester.

"Oh~" George softly groaned as he slept, his back pressed to Dream's chest, with Dream's hands cupping his breasts, taking the weight off as the pair slept. Something in George had begun and he started to stir as waves of sensation spread across his body.

Unconsciously, George had started to arch his back, pushing out his chest as he lay on his side. "Ohh~" he groaned again, this time much closer to fully waking, but still quite groggy.

Dream gently hummed as the combination of George's movement and his uneasy scent woke him too.

"Are you awake, George?" he whispered by the omega's ear, as another resounding whine was forced from a now fully alert George's mouth.

"Of course I'm f-fucking awake- oohhhh!~"

George pushed Dream away, rolling onto his front and leaning forward on his knees. For the past week, George had been sleeping in a soft, very oversized T-Shirt, anticipating that something like this would happen. He loved his nighties, truly, but when it came to this type of occasion, the silky fabric wasn't overly forgiving, nor comfortable against George's sizable breasts and sensitive nipples.

Processing what was happening, Dream swiftly moved off the bed, giving George all the space he needed, lowering the chances of him complaining about feeling claustrophobic as much as possible. George could feel himself being watched as Dream closely monitored the omega's body language, trying to ascertain what he could do to help.

"Can you sto- ohhh~ stop staring at me like I'm- hhhh~ s-some kind of zoo animal," George whined, twisting onto his side and then back onto his front as he began to writhe from his discomfort. It was now that he seriously missed those first couple of growth spurts, when pleasure had been all he experienced. Because what he was experiencing now was *not* pleasing, not at all.

And poor Dream found himself caught between a rock and a hard place, unsure what he could even do after the request to not even look at George.

"George, I really don't know what to do right now. I'm feeling kinda helpless here-"

"Oh *you're* feeling helpless?" George immediately picked up on Dream's unfortunate faux pas.

Yeah... Dream *definitely* regretted that.

"Oh I'm- haaaa~ so fucking so- hnngg~ sorry that *you're* fe-feeling he- ahhh!~ helpless~"

Now, with Dream unintentionally providing an outlet for George to unload his frustrations onto, he'd managed to turn his focus away from his throbbing chest, in doing so, alleviating some of the pressure. George just kept thinking about the sheer *audacity* Dream possessed to be complaining at a time like this, thinking about how selfish the alpha was for well... well... showing his concern.

Then George started to think about how patient and kind Dream always was, respecting every dumb and senseless wish George uttered, trying to empathise with something he would never understand or experience.

He was such a good alpha, such a good boyfriend. And here was George, complaining about having someone so invested in his well-being. What an asshole, what an ungrateful asshole he was!

George started to really feel like a piece of shit, tears accumulating in his eyes and threatening to overflow. He needed comforting, he needed his alpha. Where was Dream? What was he doing standing on the opposite side of the bedroom for?

"Alpha," George timidly whimpered, "come soothe me, please. Wanna be held by you now."

Dream softly chuckled to himself, having witnessed George change his demeanor from furious to pitiful in a matter of seconds. Nevertheless he approached, releasing a calming scent and rubbing George on his back as his chest continued to swell. That felt nice, George thought, sighing as Dream's hand rubbed slow, circular motions in the space between his shoulder blades.

"You're okay, George. Doing well, baby."

"I'm sorry, alpha. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have- you were just trying to- I-I'm such a terrible omega," George sobbed. His breasts were still swelling but he was unfazed, all his attention held captive by Dream.

"You're wonderful, Georgie, don't worry. Have your breasts finished growing?" he caringly asked.

George paused to a moment, trying to cup one of his now absurdly large tits in one hand. It barely fit, warm flesh spilling between his fingers. But the throbbing had stopped now, and George sighed at the realisation, nodding and starting to fondle himself.

Definitely larger than a DD cup, George believed, probably E then.

Holy shit, E?!

"Oh you're- wow- you're really... wow," Dream gushed, as George manouvered himself into a position where Dream could properly see him. Even the oversized, cotton shirt George was wearing couldn't hide the giant masses of fat protruding from his chest, nor the hard, pointed nipples pressed against the fabric. "George you- are you fucking okay, baby? You're really- wow!"

George looked down at himself once again, feeling quite satisfied with his chest at last.

"Well, I'm pretty sure I won't be getting any bigger now. This feels..."

What was the word George was looking for? Ridiculous? Excessive? Totally fucking preposterous?

"...about right. It feels about right, now," George stated.

Dream's eyes were totally transfixed on his lover's breasts, but he had such a look of worry in his eyes that overpowered any lust or desire. "I really wanna- but I'm kinda scared to touch you right now, George. They look really... are you sure you're not like, sore or tender?"

George prodded his chest, squeezing it through his shirt and really getting a good assessment.

"No, not painful at all. They just feel... I don't know."

A yawn was forced from George's mouth and he reached for his phone to check the time, seeing that it was still only around 6am.

"It's early... I wanna go back to sleep for a few hours," he softly begged. "Join me? You can hold me, hold my breasts as we fall asleep like you usually do."

Dream pursed his lips, considering the offer but clearly concerned by George's lack of panic at his giant chest. "You have to *promise* you'll let me know if you feel any discomfort, any at all." George hazily nodded, already back under the covers again. "I mean that, Georgie. That's- that's an order from your alpha."

"Yeah, yeah," George dismissively uttered, his eyes fluttering shut. "Just hold me, love."

The bed dipped behind him as Dream's giant form pressed up against George. Two tentative hands reached for George's breasts and, as they made contact, he barely reacted-- no moan, no gasp. They didn't feel so ridiculously over-sensitive now, they just felt normal.

"You feeling good, George? All good still?"

"I am. Please just shut up and go to sleep now... Also I love you, Dream."

Dream chuckled. "Love you too."

#### Chapter End Notes

Alright so I think from here on, each chapter is essentially gonna be a little oneshot until the actual uh... birth I guess...

Looking for some chapter ideas!

I have currently: a prenatal class, a karlnapity meeting dnf, a slow dance chapter and maybe a Dream drinking from George's tits chapter (wanna know y'all's thoughts on that one tho)

Any more suggestions/requests for additional chapters please comment! Ty <3

## Changing room

### Chapter Summary

Get in losers we're going shopping

### Chapter Notes

Love the suggestions left under the last chapter, love how horny y'all are <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

How the *hell* George was so *calm* with those gigantic masses now on his chest completely eluded Dream. He'd just sighed and instantly fallen back asleep, leaving Dream in quite a precarious position, spooning with George, tenderly cupping his breasts but utterly terrified to do anything more.

When the pair awoke around noon, George was still unfazed. All he did was make a passing comment about how none of his bras would fit him anymore and asked Dream if he felt like going to the shopping centre with him. Dream was a stammering wreck.

"Wh- how- but you- how the fuck are you gonna- you don't even have any-"

"It's whatever, I'll squeeze into a D cup and just wear something oversized. Dream, you really gotta calm down, baby," George casually added, getting out of bed and lifting the oversized shirt he'd slept in over his head.

And there they were, completely exposed: George's breasts-- his *real* breasts-- at their final size at last. They were *huge!* They looked massive against George's slender waist and narrow shoulders. Fucking hell, he'd become a walking wet dream. George took his breasts in his hands, quickly squeezing them observationally, and shrugging nonchalantly. He didn't moan or sigh like he used to every time he'd touch his breasts a week ago and Dream had to admit he almost missed the sight of George squirming with sensitivity.

"Alright, I'm gonna hop in the shower. Do you mind making breakfast today? I'm kinda craving just like, plain buttered toast for some reason..."

Dream blinked hard.

"Hello? Dream?" George snapped his fingers. "Do I need to remind you where my eyes are?"

Dream needed reminding. Holy shit did he need reminding, because, try as he might, he truly couldn't tear his gaze from George's beautiful chest, could stop admiring the shape or *size*.

"T-uh-what-uh- t-toast y-uh-yeah," Dream babbled in a panic. "Gonna- gonna-uh- yeah- toast."

George chuckled, smiling once more before turning to go to the bathroom. He paused and quickly pivoted back around to face Dream once more. With the way his breasts bounced from the momentum of his spin, Dream found himself mesmerised, totally and completely mesmerised.

"Oh also, you *do* wanna come with me to the shops?" George checked, pleading subtly with his eyes and fluttering his lashes.

He was *definitely* doing this on purpose, Dream figured.

After a few choked noises of agreement from Dream, George smiled once again, disappearing behind the bathroom door.

Holy shit.

True to his word, George had managed to squeeze himself into the largest bra he owned, then threw on a sweater which completely *swamped* him plus a short, flowy skirt. Dream took a second to admire George's attire and savour the image, knowing that his belly was going to start growing soon as the pup developed and that George wouldn't be able to wear his cute skirts for much longer.

George had also said he needed maternity clothes too, with a huge smile plastered across his beautiful face. Dream loved seeing George like this, loved seeing him so proud to be pregnant and excited for the changes that would come with it.

Once they reached the mall, Dream felt pretty out of his depth, letting George lead him wherever he wanted the pair to go. The experience in most stores tended to go the same: the omega part of the menswear section always being pathetically small and the clothes always poorly fitting. None of the male maternity shirts seemed to take into account the variation in breast sizes and it was immediately obvious that George wouldn't even fit into most of what was for sale.

Eventually the couple had given up with the menswear, heading over to the women's maternity department and witnessing how much better the selection was.

George had already picked out an assortment of bras and hummed contentedly to himself as he now browsed through the various maternity shirts and dresses, with Dream holding a rapidly filling basket and trailing behind.

"Oooh, what's that over—" George called out to Dream, who was standing a few racks away. He cut himself off mid-sentence though, piquing Dream's curiosity.

"Over where, George?"

"Nothing, it- uh, nothing."

Dream furrowed his brows, starting to head back to his omega, who was currently clutching an impressive selection of clothes. George's cheeks were bright red, his scent was kind of... aroused. Dream looked around a little, trying to work out what George had seen that had him so flustered. Then realisation hit him like a tidal wave as he noticed the small section tucked away in the corner of the room.

'Maternity lingerie.'

A few slip dresses, a few babydoll nighties, so soft and pretty, all hanging on racks on the wall.

"Oh I see," Dream softly whispered by George's ear, taking his hand and leading him over to the

selection.

They stopped in front of it and Dream felt himself starting to salivate just imagining George's tits and swollen belly adorned in the nylon, chiffon and silk. A particular babydoll nightie caught Dream's eye, a gentle shade of powder blue, and he started to look through the rack for George's size.

"E Cup, right baby?"

George was frozen, smiling but blushing furiously. He nodded, finally able to move again as he informed Dream that the band size was wrong for the one he'd picked up, swapping it out for one that would actually fit.

"I should uh—" George cleared his throat. "I should go try this on, right?"

Dream playfully wiggled his eyebrows.

"I mean, I'm gonna try all of it on, obviously. But this nightie... well, I'll probably need some help with it."

"Oh of course," Dream smugly replied. "I'd be more than happy to help my omega try on his pretty new lingerie."

"Yeah I bet you would."

George leaned up to Dream, kissing him for a few seconds before grabbing a few more pieces off the racks and dropping them into the basket.

In order for Dream to get into the changing rooms, he'd had to pretend to be trying on clothes himself, quickly dipping into the basket and pulling out a flowy, floral, maternity jumpsuit George had picked out. The lady at the desk hummed in skepticism but allowed him to pass through to the stalls regardless, Dream shooting her a grateful smile.

The store wasn't overly busy so the couple selected one of the accessibility stalls that were considerably bigger than the others. Dream perched on a stool, watching in amazement as George started to strip, trying on his new bras, new outfits, and finally, new lingerie.

While there was some excess fabric, as seemed to be the case with most of the maternity wear since George's belly hadn't started growing yet, it was evident just how well the garments fit his petit frame. George's breasts were hugged snugly, pushed up in such a delightful way. The omega himself even expressed some shock upon seeing his ample cleavage in the mirror.

"I can't believe how normal this feels. I mean, look at me!" George exclaimed, turning away from the mirror to face Dream.

"Trust me, baby. I can't *stop* looking at you... Here, let me show you."

Dream stood up and walked over to George, turning him so he was once again facing the mirror and standing behind him. He revelled in the way George bit his lip when Dream snaked his hands under George's arms to cup his breasts, hoisting them up ever so slightly.

"And then imagine..." Dream gradually moved his hands lower until they came to rest on George's belly. At this, George placed his own hands on top of Dream's, very obviously staring at his stomach in the mirror and indulging in a fantasy or two.

"I love it!" George blurted out after a moment of musing silence. "I mean it fits uh- fits well."

Dream nodded, smiling kindly and starting to kiss George's neck, establishing and maintaining eye contact with George's reflection as he did. A resounding moan escaped George's mouth and the pair instantly froze, each party remembering where they were.

"When we get home-"

"Yes," Dream hastily agreed, winking then kissing George one last time on the cheek, "when we get home."

#### Chapter End Notes

The most unrealistic part of my omegaverse fic is that George could immediately get bras in his size

ALSO check out [this](#) wonderful fic by trivialtrash which was very loosely inspired by this series! (9k words, sfw, super sweet)

## A bumpy ride

### Chapter Summary

Fluff and smut, as promised

### Chapter Notes

yeah ngl this chapter's a bit of a mess.

But hey, if you didn't know what titfucking was before, you will now...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Alpha no, don't go *please!*" George whined, gripping Dream's shirt and whimpering.

"I gotta go, George, you know this." Dream attempted to wriggle free from his omega's grip but the little bastard had impressively strong fingers. "George!"

"Stay!"

"I can't!" Dream sighed and stopped struggling, instead placing a hand by George's jaw in a gesture which he knew would pacify him. George melted helplessly into the simple touch, loosening his hold until Dream broke free again. "I'll see you tonight but it's an office week for me and you're working from home today so I gotta leave you."

George sniffled dramatically, wiping his dry eyes with the paw of the adorably oversized sweater he was wearing. "I don't wanna be without you."

"I don't wanna leave you either but we don't know when your scent will change and you can't be at work. It's too dangerous."

After one final pout, George reluctantly stepped back, bowing his head slightly as he let Dream go. The sound of a tender "I love you, George" followed by the door closing was the final straw for George, who just burst into a flood of tears. He ran over to the bed and started frantically trying to bathe himself in Dream's scent as he wept some more, wrapping himself in Dream's clothes and his pillow in a search for any trace of him lingering on the fabric.

Then after a healthy five or so minutes of devastating sobbing, George suddenly blinked a few times, looking around and furrowing his brows.

What was he doing?

George scoffed lightly and started to pick himself back up again, splashing cold water on his face and making his way into the home office. It was a working week for George too, after all, and he had a bunch of stuff to get through before the week was out. No time for crying over some alpha; what was George thinking?

Switching between the two states-- one of which being utter devastation that George couldn't be in Dream's arms 24/7, the other being total disinterest in the man in question and a desire for complete independence-- was exhausting. And it didn't help that George had also started to crave *other* things as well, namely a variety of bizarre food combinations. He was halfway through a program he'd been coding when George felt the waterworks starting up again and found himself quite inconsolable, his heart crying out for his alpha's return. Yet, after going into the kitchen and making a bowl of avocado with ketchup and mayonnaise, he was content once more and eager to return to his task.

When Dream finally returned home that night, he was greeted by George rushing over to him, tears streaming down his face as he refused to stop placing kisses all over Dream's neck and chest. Yet, on the following day, George didn't even notice when Dream suddenly appeared by his desk, dismissively side-eyeing the confused alpha and continuing with what he'd been doing beforehand.

Throughout the week, George found himself flip-flopping constantly and it was *draining* his energy. George frequented the kitchen much more now too, constantly peckish, constantly eating, it seemed. It was only when the weekend came that George realised just where all those extra pounds had been going.

"Oh!" George softly gasped, catching his shirtless reflection in the bedroom mirror as he was changing into his nightie. "You didn't say anything, Dream," he softly called out to the alpha who was currently in the ensuite next door.

George really wasn't sure how he'd missed it! Though, with the large breasts hindering his view of his stomach, perhaps not noticing the subtle, new swell of his belly was actually pretty understandable.

Dream, who was brushing his teeth, responded "about what?" Or at least that's what it sounded like, though the words were muffled by the toothbrush in his mouth. Maybe Dream hadn't noticed either. Most of the alpha's focus was on George's breasts these days anyway. George quickly put away the nightie and instead pulled over his head one of Dream's large T-shirts.

"What didn't I say anything about, Georgie? Hey, why are you wearing that for?"

Dream smiled lovingly, starting to move towards George only for the omega to take a step backwards.

"Look, Dream," George whispered, fiddling with the hem of the shirt. He slowly started to lift it up, revealing the adorable, little baby bump now protruding from his belly.

Dream's eyes widened tellingly, his mouth fell agape. "Oh my god," he gasped as George came over to him.

Clearly, it was Dream's first time acknowledging the bump too!

"George," Dream sighed, with an enraptured, proud smile on his face.

"I only just noticed myself," George admitted, his palm now resting on his belly. "Wanna feel?" he asked, but the question was entirely redundant. Of course Dream would want to feel, his lip was already trembling from the sight alone.

"Oh, George," Dream repeated, holding out his hand and letting George guide it to the centre of the swell. Dream's touch was so hesitant, George could feel his hand shaking as it was guided in slow, circular motions. It felt *good*, having his belly rubbed so tenderly, and George couldn't help but

smile as Dream gushed over his lover's body.

"You don't have to be so gentle, baby," George said. "I'm not that fragile."

Dream raised an eyebrow and George nodded, granting permission for Dream to *properly* appreciate the sight he was so clearly enjoying, judging by the tent in his boxers.

Within seconds, George's belly was adorned in Dream's wet, loving kisses and George couldn't help but sigh and moan at the sight. Then Dream was on his knees, praising George, praising his body and how remarkable it was after only a week, praising the delighted sounds George was making in response to all the praise. In this position, Dream looked so captivating, regarding George with those big, sparkling eyes, pleading for more.

These days, Dream seemed far more interested in pleasuring George than himself. Whenever George would allow it, Dream would be sucking his cock, massaging his breasts, rubbing his back - anything to make George feel good.

Tonight was no exception, it seemed, as Dream pulled down George's panties and started to nuzzle against his dick, waiting for it to harden so that Dream could truly bring pleasure to his lover.

It didn't take long for George to get close unsurprisingly, given the view George had of the affair. From his perspective, all George could see as he looked down were his tantalising huge breasts, wonderfully swollen belly and Dream's head, slowly yet eagerly bobbing up and down.

It was beautiful.

After George came, he decided that Dream deserved something special as a sign of the omega's gratitude. And, knowing that his belly would soon grow to a ridiculous size, George figured that now was the best time to offer.

He'd been thinking about this for a while...

"Dream, baby? Can you grab something from my sock drawer for me please?"

"Of course, George. What exactly am I-"

Dream froze, narrowing his eyes as he saw what was in said drawer. "Why do you have lube?"

"For this." George lay back in bed having taken off his shirt at some point during the blowjob.  
"Give it here."

George started to pour it between his breasts, spreading the substance evenly.

Dream stared at George with lust in his eyes, realising just what it was that he was being offered. There was also an element of serious reluctance though, as was typically the case when the alpha was presented with tempting new opportunities. "Wait, George. Are you-"

"Yes." George cut him off. "Before you ask, yes I'm sure. I see the way you look at my breasts and I know you'd never ask this of me so I took the initiative." George pushed his breasts together, creating a deep crevice in the middle. "Please fuck my tits, Dream. Let me make *you* feel good, my love, my alpha. Please."

The shit-eating grin on Dream's face said it all; he looked like a child in a toy shop as he climbed onto the bed, straddling George's waist on his knees. He was propped up slightly so no weight was on the bump at all.

The alpha's dick was still so hard from earlier and he manoeuvred himself so that it was buried within the valley on George's chest.

"Ready, George?" Dream asked, always so considerate and conscious of his beloved.

With George's encouraging nod, Dream began, thrusting in and out of George's breasts like he was fucking a warm, wet orifice. George held his breasts wrapped around Dream's cock, taking a second to admire the sight of his own glorious cleavage as Dream continued at his steady pace.

After a while, Dream started to unknowingly speed up, desperately chasing his climax and George moaned encouragingly beneath him.

"Yess~ Fuck my tits~ Fuck me, alpha! More! *Faster!*"

As beads of sweat formed along Dream's hairline and his breathing grew heavy, George decided to help out a bit, starting to rub his breasts up and down Dream's dick as well. As Dream thrusted in, George's breasts moved in the opposite direction, creating rapturous friction for the alpha above. The action was clearly appreciated as Dream's elated, broken moans rang out throughout the bedroom.

Finally, after just a few more pumps, Dream came all over George's bare chest, both parties revelling in the sight.

"Geor- Ge- hhh- thank- love- *ahh~*" was all Dream managed, panting as he collapsed by George's side with a satisfied smile on his face. George felt quite satisfied too, seeing Dream so euphoric.

"Love you too, Dream," George uttered, kissing him on his blotchy, burning cheek and making his way to the bathroom to clean himself up.

George looked back one last time, proudly beaming at the sight of Dream's red, sweaty chest still heaving. The image of Dream in ecstasy never failed to remind George just how lucky he was.

## Chapter End Notes

Hot dog

## Arrangements

### Chapter Summary

dialogue,

lots of it even

### Chapter Notes

Just setting up for next chapter, don't mind me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You look like a lost puppy," Sapnap commented, noting the forlorn gaze in Dream's eyes as they ate lunch together. It was Monday-- Dream's first in the office without George-- and working without him was already proving to be a serious challenge. "You're thinking about him, aren't you?"

"You should've seen him this morning, Sapnap. He was so sad. He was just like, gripping my shirt and he looked like he was about to start crying. Sapnap, I feel awful."

Sapnap shot Dream a look, raising an eyebrow disapprovingly. "He's pregnant, obviously he wants to be around the alpha that mated him. But like... you do know it's not real, right?"

Dream's eyes widened in horror. "What?"

"Because y'know... the pregnancy, the hormones. His mood is gonna be constantly changing, that's not something you can do much about. But just because George might be sobbing in your arms one minute doesn't mean he won't be sick of you the next. None of it is real, not really." Sapnap chuckled a few times in response to Dream's clearly offended expression. "Damn, dude. Did you not research any of this beforehand?"

What a dumb question. Of course Dream had researched this; he'd done *so* much research! It's just that it was one thing reading a list of possible side-effects, and another actually witnessing the man Dream loved in such distress.

"Obviously I knew this was coming," Dream defensively growled out of seemingly nowhere, considering Sapnap's neutral, albeit slightly condescending, tone. "But when I'm actually with him and his eyes... and his scent..." Sapnap scoffed. "Look, you just don't get it."

"Oh what? Because I'm a beta? Is that where we're gonna go?"

Dream immediately recoiled at his insensitive-sounding remark. But to be fair, that *was* what he was implying. How could a beta ever hope to understand the lingering pain of seeing one's bonded, seeded omega in such a state of turmoil? Sure, Sapnap had his boyfriends but the beta trio wouldn't ever be able to sense each other's emotions. They'd never be so attuned to each other like Dream

and George were.

"I mean... kinda. You betas just don't-"

"*You betas'!?*" Sapnap furiously repeated. "This from the guy who used to whine to me about how shit it was being an alpha, how *badly* he wanted to be a beta like me."

"That was a long fucking time ago, Sapnap." Dream bit back, coldly. He couldn't understand why Sapnap was being so cruel, purposefully trying to rile Dream up when he was going through something so tough. "You know what my father was like. And now, god, if I had a choice, I would *never* wanna be a beta-"

"Okay, what is *with* you, dude?"

Dream blinked a few times, realising now that none of Sapnap's responses had been intentionally hostile at all. The beta looked hurt, really hurt. How had Dream so badly misinterpreted his words as malicious?

And yet, despite the realisation that Sapnap wasn't trying to offend Dream, the alpha refused to back down, further compromising his oldest friendship.

"Look, I know my omega, Sapnap. His anguish was genuine, okay? Not the result of some hormonal instability." Dream hurriedly finished his food and rose from where they were seated. "See you tomorrow or whatever," he grunted.

"Can't wait(!)" Sapnap replied, rolling his eyes. Now that move *properly* infuriated Dream. If it had been any other beta, any other on the *planet*, Dream would've fully lashed out, utilising his alpha position to its full potential. But this was Sapnap so Dream swallowed his pride, held his tongue and walked back to the office, cursing him under his breath.

That night, when Dream returned home, *as expected*, George was so relieved that he ran into Dream's arms sobbing. Clearly he'd spent the entire day devastated, probably gotten hardly any work done. Poor George.

Dream cradled the crying omega, softly reassuring him that he was okay and that Dream was here now. George adorned him in a never-ending string of kisses, and Dream sighed contentedly, offering to massage George's back or something, anything to make him feel good and to reward him for being so strong.

"So how was George?" Sapnap asked, happening to pass by Dream in the corridor the following morning. "Let me guess, totally fine without you?"

Who the hell did Sapnap think he was, presuming to know Dream's omega better than himself?

"No, actually," Dream bitterly retorted. "He was a wreck without me and had been all day."

"Sure man, whatever he told you," Sapnap commented dismissively, continuing on his way up to the floor above. The audacity of that man.

*That* night, however, upon Dream's return home, there was no such display of tenderness and heartbreak as yesterday. When Dream had found George, he was in the home office, quite busy with a task, and the look he'd given Dream was one of irritation and annoyance. Dream just stood in bewilderment as his 'helpless' omega totally *blanked him*, continuing on with what he'd been

doing beforehand.

So perhaps George was a little emotionally volatile after all. Damn, Dream really owed Sapnap an apology...

"I'm sorry," Dream uttered under his breath, meeting up with the beta for lunch on Wednesday at noon. "You were uh... um..."

"Say it," Sapnap impatiently prompted.

Dream narrowed his eyes at Sapnap, but conceded. "You were *right*, you asshole. George is... a mess. I shouldn't have jumped on your ass for just trying to warn me about it."

Sapnap had a delighted, shit-eating grin plastered across his face, nodding as a sign of his wholehearted satisfaction.

"I'm just good with these things," he finally said, after taking a moment to bask in the glory of his victory.

"How did you know though? Actually?" Dream asked, being familiar enough with the beta by now that he knew something was up.

"Karl's friend. He's an omega and went through exactly this like a few months ago." Sapnap paused for a few moments. "Actually, Dream, speaking of Karl uh, I think I'm gonna be leaving again soon."

Dream's face fell, no longer the petty frown from moments ago. "But you just got back!"

"I know but..." Sapnap lowered his voice to a whisper, trying to ensure that he wasn't overhead and fired for what he was saying. "I don't actually need to work here anymore, y'know. Quackity and Karl, they're... they take care of me."

"Oh I'm sure."

"Seriously dude. Anyways, before we go I was thinking maybe you and George might wanna finally meet them. We could do something together this weekend?"

Dream considered this. He really wanted to meet the betas who'd been 'taking care' of his friend so thoroughly, who'd finally put Sapnap in his place. But there was George, whose scent still hadn't changed yet. Supposedly the scent change was supposed to be this big, intimate thing and Dream wanted to be alone with him for such a milestone.

Plus George's body was...

George's body...

Yeah...

After swallowing hard, Dream looked back at Sapnap, seeing a kind of pleading expression on his face. Damn, he really wanted to get Dream's approval, huh? Really wanted Dream to like the couple who owned such a large part of the beta's heart.

Plus, if they really were to be leaving soon, now was probably a better time for first impressions than in a month or so, when George would be *huge* and swollen and totally immobile. Or after

birth, when the couple would be very preoccupied with their new pup.

"I wanna say yes, I really do-"

"Then say yes," Sapnap interrupted. "C'mon, Dream. I know y'all wanna meet 'em too. They're real sweet to me, you're gonna love 'em."

Sapnap was doing that *thing* again where he acted all sweet and Texan when he wanted something, dialing up his accent to eleven. Maybe that trick worked on his boyfriends, but Dream had known his friend so far too long to give in so easily.

"George's scent hasn't even changed yet," he protested.

"Then y'all got nothin' to worry about." Sapnap made a pouty face. "Look, it doesn't have to be somewhere public if you guys don't feel comfortable with that. We can come by your house, bring some food or something. Sunday afternoon? Say yes?"

Dream hummed in consideration, thinking about what could possibly go wrong. Worst case scenario: he'd just ask Sapnap and his boyfriends to leave early. That wasn't so awful...

"Sunday afternoon... alright fine." Dream smiled and Sapnap followed suit, happily beaming at the arrangement.

"And hey, George's scent may change before Sunday anyway," Sapnap added, before the pair resumed eating and moved on with the conversation.

Well, the scent didn't end up changing.

Saturday evening, immediately following the glorious tit-job Dream had been given, he became aware that George still smelled exactly the same as when he was first seeded. Every article Dream had read stated that the change was *always* noticeable, that the scent change was a poignant and emotional experience for both the alpha and the omega, so there was no way it had already occurred and Dream just hadn't realised.

Whatever happened-- whether the change came on Sunday or not-- the couple would deal with it. No worries. None at all.

## Chapter End Notes

Also yikes in advance but I got a shit ton of deadlines this week so next chapter might be a few days late.

Bad timing, I know. Sorry lads <3

## The unexpected dynamic

### Chapter Summary

5/5 feral boys let's go chat

### Chapter Notes

Helloo!! Back from hiatus oh yeah let's go!

Alright so the karlnapity dynamic in this is the same as the one I established in my oneshot date fic:

(<https://archiveofourown.org/works/29823468/chapters/73376955>)

Highly recommend reading that before this so you can appreciate the dramatic irony in this chapter.

Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The news that Sapnap and his boyfriends were going to visit was actually quite a welcome surprise. George occasionally pondered, and had even theorised with Dream on one recent occasion, about the trio's relationship and how it worked. He was excited to see how Sapnap behaved when he was around his own pack, to see if he was any different from the Sapnap George knew.

"I wonder what their dynamic is like," George had offhandedly mentioned one evening. "Sapnap and his boyfriends, I mean. Like I'm sure Sapnap takes a dominant stance so do the other two just fall in line? Or maybe one of them is a dominant as well? Beta relationships are so fascinating..."

When George looked to Dream, the alpha seemed to be trying to hold back a laugh, his eyes adorably crinkling at the effort. "Oh no, Georgie. *Sapnap's* the submissive, *definitely*."

Extremely skeptical, George furrowed his brow. "That seems highly unlikely. I can't imagine anyone being able to control him."

At this, Dream's eyes widened and sparkled in the way they often did when he sensed an opportunity.

"Care to make a bet?"

It was around 4pm on Sunday when a car pulled up outside the house; Dream had instantly noticed the presence of unknown scents on their territory, tensing up under George's touch before remembering that they were expecting guests. The couple rose from where they were sitting to spy on them through a window which looked out over the driveway.

Now that Sapnap and his pack were actually here, George surprised himself by how calm he was,

effortlessly able to push aside any nagging worries about his scent, body and attire. Sapnap had probably already told his boyfriends that George was pregnant anyway so there was no need for him to feel self-conscious. It was a very natural process, after all.

Plus, George was keen to prove to Dream that Sapnap *definitely* took on an alpha-like stance in the relationship. After being friends with Dream for so long, alpha mannerisms probably came super naturally to him!

Winning the little bet they'd made would mean that Dream had to buy a butler costume and serve George for 24 hours-- something George was extremely excited for. The penalty for losing however would be that George had to go to an antenatal class with Dream once he was far enough along his pregnancy. George hadn't been overly fond of this idea, realising that he would be the only *guy* there pregnant and not interested in that kind of attention. Dream had been trying to convince George to go for a while, saying it would be really good for him.

It wouldn't matter though as George was *certain* that Sapnap would pull through.

There was no way Sapnap took on a submissive stance, no way at all.

Out from the driver side of the car stepped a man with dark hair covered by a blue beanie. He smiled down at the other betas through the car window, moving around to open the door for them. What a gentleman!

He offered his hand and a new person arose from his seat, a man with fluffy brown hair wearing a colourful shirt.

Then, once this new beta was out, the driver held out his hand one more time and Sapnap emerged from the same door, regarding the man in the beanie with blatant adoration.

George continued to observe through the window how the trio interacted, very clearly deeply enamoured with each other. The beta in the colourful shirt seemed to be constantly smiling and giggling and Sapnap always looked at him with such love in his eyes. The other beta was doing a lot of the talking, his face always changing, so expressive and animated. Sapnap seemed to be mesmerised by whatever was being said as they approached the front door.

Seriously, Sapnap looked... entranced. George hadn't seen him so engaged before.

Almost as if...

After an energetic knock, Dream scurried away from the window, with George following shortly behind. Dream squeezed George's hand excitedly before the door was opened and the couple were greeted by the sight of Sapnap's beaming smile and two equally enthusiastic-looking strangers.

"Dream! George!" Sapnap called out. He pulled Dream in for a tight hug and then looked at George, then at Dream, then back to George before opting to hold out his hand for a simple, affectionate handshake.

Behind him, the two betas glanced at each other with a look of fondness and pride in their eyes.

"Oh right. So Karl and Quackity, this is Dream... and George." Sapnap gestured towards each person respectively, with Dream giving a cute little wave when his name was mentioned.

"Hi," both of the betas said in unison, eliciting the one in the colourful shirt to giggle softly.

"Yeah and uh, Dream and George, this is Quackity..." Sapnap gestured towards the man in the

beanie. Quackity then caught Sapnap's eye and winked at him, giving George a chance to witness firsthand his friend's cheeks flushing with rosy heat.

*Oh no.*

"Yeah uh s-so," Sapnap stammered, clearly flustered, now staring at Quackity expectantly. "And uh, right uh..."

"I'm Karl," the other beta cut in, with Sapnap graciously allowing himself to be interrupted without even a hint of protest or agitation. Not the behaviour of a dominant by any means.

*Dammit Sapnap.*

He was *totally* the submissive of their relationship.

And Dream had clearly noticed the way Sapnap responded to his boyfriends, subtly elbowing George in a knowing way before tuning his attention back to the guests.

"So nice to finally meet you guys," Dream said, gesturing for everyone to come inside.

"Nice to meet you too, our Sapnap's told us a lot about you guys," Quackity stated, lightly tapping Sapnap under the chin.

'...our Sapnap...'

And Sapnap's reaction was... wow.

George had never seen him so pliant and receptive. The Sapnap standing before him at this very moment couldn't possibly have been the same guy who never missed an opportunity to boldly assert himself into any conversation or situation. But he looked so *happy*, clearly not giving a single shit about how his behaviour came across to his friends.

It was actually very sweet.

Dream led everyone into the garden, where a table had been set up with a tray of drinks made by the alpha himself. As they walked, George noticed Karl eyeing the dress he was wearing today-- a knee length, flowy thing, with elastic around the belly that showed off George's tiny baby bump very nicely. But Karl didn't seem disgusted or weirded out, instead donning a look of admiration.

Once everyone was seated, a temporary silence fell upon the group, filled only with the sounds of birds chirping and reverberations of the occasional car.

"So Sapnap tells us you guys are pregnant! That's so exciting, congratulations! Seriously," Karl exclaimed, looking between George and Dream as he spoke, smiling brightly. "And by the way, *love* the dress. It looks really comfy, hugs your little bump so cutely."

"It does?" Sapnap piped up. "Wait I didn't notice-"

'Yeah,' George thought to himself, 'because you were too busy making puppy dog eyes at your alphas.'

"Can we get a fit check, Gogy?"

George looked at Sapnap, wondering for a moment where he kept all that *audacity* after his little display from earlier, but ultimately conceded. He rolled his eyes and stood up from the table, doing a slow 360° spin for everyone.

One hand was then placed on his belly, and George spared a marveled glance at his bump before looking back up and seeing that exact expression of awe on the face of everyone present. Perhaps most notably of all was Dream, who George now realised was looking at him in the same hopelessly adoring way that the betas had been looking at each other a few moments ago.

Once a conversation started, it moved at breakneck speed as suddenly everyone found themselves with a plethora of jokes and stories to tell. Quackity and Karl were extremely easy to talk to, very compatible with Dream and George and undeniably very charming too.

George had zoned out, with one hand still on his belly as he let his mind wander for a moment, let the conversation fade to background noise. He was brought out of his thoughts however when Quackity and Karl started to bounce off one another, recounting a hilarious anecdote.

"Oh my god... you're all American..." George suddenly said, only just having processed everyone's accents.

The table went quiet for a moment, turning attention to George and bursting out laughing.

"Yeah, George. You didn't notice that like an hour ago?" Dream replied after he finished wheezing.

An hour? Had it really been an hour already?

"I don't know. I got so used to you and Sapnap, I just didn't even realise, I suppose."

"That's fair," Quackity input. "I'm actually from Mexico but I guess that's still America if you think about it. I get my accent mistaken all the time here."

Sapnap smiled hazily at Quackity. "You have a real pretty accent, S-"

He managed to catch himself just in time, his cheeks flushing a furious shade of crimson.

What was he about to call Quackity? 'Sweetie'? No, surely that wouldn't have caused such embarrassment.

'S'? How interesting.

Karl burst out laughing once more, with Quackity desperately trying to move past whatever had just transpired. "Uh, thank you, Sapnap. You have a pretty accent too, darling."

Dream shot George the same intrigued look that George was already unconsciously wearing. The alpha's lips then parted as he mouthed a word to George.

What was that word? 'So'? 'Sure'?

"Oh!" George gasped aloud.

'Sir.'

Oh, Sapnap. Oh, of course. And for it to have slipped out so casually, that word must have been used frequently too. Oh, Sapnap...

The conversation moved along once more, with everyone silently vowing not to mention what Sapnap had just come *so close* to saying. But George was definitely never going to let the beta live that down, making a mental note to bring it up the next time he tried to clown George for omega stuff.

Speaking of omega stuff, after a while George found himself starting to grow kind of... hot?  
Actually no, not hot. Just... sweaty...

He could feel an accumulation of sticky perspiration around his neck, specifically around his scent gland. The weather wasn't particularly scorching outside either, and after a while, George started to feel himself getting rather cold from the heat loss.

All of a sudden, Dream started to look around erratically. He then locked eyes with George and took a deep inhale, his mouth falling open in shock.

The betas didn't notice at first but soon enough the scent reached them as well. They looked at George and then looked back at each other in such a way that the movement seemed rehearsed.

Why was everyone being so weird all of a sudden?

Then it hit George: the realisation, the *scent*.

"Oh fuck!"

## Chapter End Notes

[Back to the normal upload schedule](#)

Reckon I'll do another 5 or so chapters just to get in all the prompts before we end this mf for good!

## A parting gift

### Chapter Summary

Stinky ew take a shower

### Chapter Notes

I mean at this point it's probably a scent kink, right?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When George suddenly stood up and ran back into the house, Dream knew his suspicions had been correct. While the omega's scent hadn't changed yet, it was now very much in the process of doing so. This meant that, in preparation for the shift, poor George was releasing copious amounts of his old scent in high concentrations via his scent and sweat glands.

Dream had instantly noticed that something was off but, as everyone was outside, the scent had been hard to locate at first. Soon enough, however, *everyone* present had worked out exactly what was going on, leading George to gasp a quick "oh fuck!" before fleeing the scene.

"I should—" Dream started before he was abruptly interrupted by Karl.

"Wait, Dream. Do you know what's happening?"

Dream nodded hurriedly, keen to follow his omega and bring him any comfort he could supply.  
"Uh s-scent. Don't think I have time to expl—"

"Oh good, so you do."

Karl caught Dream's eye, looking at him with urgency and control. It was almost bizarre to see a beta regarding an alpha with such authority; usually, only Sapnap could get away with undermining Dream and even that was pushing it. Yet, Dream couldn't help but give his undivided attention to Karl, at least for a moment.

"Okay, so are you aware of how the scent change is going to affect *you*, personally?" Karl calmly continued.

After a moment of consideration, Dream realised that actually... he didn't. Sure, he had read about what a powerful, emotional process it was supposed to be, but nowhere really covered the specifics from the alpha's point of view. He shook his head, looking around the table and seeing a collection of unfazed, patient expressions.

Karl smiled reassuringly. "That's not a problem, but I think we should tell you before you go after him."

"You see, Dream." Quackity now cut in, perfectly in sync with Karl. "The actual purpose of the scent change is for the pregnant omega's protection above all else. That makes sense right?"

Dream felt like he was back in high school, nodding along as a sign of his comprehension. Although, Dream couldn't deny that the betas did have a distinct air of authority to them. Now he was starting to understand why Sapnap was so willing to play the submissive role in their relationship. Hell, even *Dream* was starting to feel quite pliant, content just listening as he was educated.

"Right. Good, that's very good..." Karl gently praised.

Did a beta seriously just praise Dream?

"So naturally, as the alpha who bred George, you're going to be protective of him. You've probably already been feeling more protective than usual," Karl stated, with Dream once again nodding along. "So the thing is Dream..."

"When you smell his new scent," Quackity took over once more. God these fuckers were delivering the lecture in perfect tandem, had this been rehearsed or something? "You won't be able to help yourself. You will become hostile and potentially aggressive towards any perceived threats."

"Oh yeah, that means us!" Sapnap chimed in, looking to his boyfriends for validation, which he readily received in the form of an approving smile from both.

Dream furrowed his brow. "What? So you're saying if I go near George, I'll try to hurt you guys?" The trio nodded. "I wouldn't- I'm not like- no, that's not me!" Dream protested, though he knew deep down that he had less control over that part of himself these days.

"It's alright, Dream. It's natural," Quackity reassured, his tone entirely nonjudgmental. "We saw the exact same thing happen to a friend of Karl's."

Karl nervously laughed. "And we're pretty keen to avoid a repeat of that."

"Oh yeah, I remember." Sapnap visibly shuddered at the memory. "Fuck, I thought she was gonna kill me. Female alphas man... scary-"

"But understandable, given the circumstances," Quackity cut in. "So I think it's for the best that we leave now and give you guys some privacy."

The three betas rose from the table, without a look of disdain or frustration among them. They were all very mature and understanding of the situation, having dealt with something similar quite recently, it seemed.

Dream couldn't help but feel guilty though, starting to rise as well. "At least let me show you out-" he began.

"It's okay man, I got it." Sapnap placed a hand on Dream's shoulder. "If you go in there you'll smell him and then we're all fucked. Just give us a few minutes before you come back inside, yeah? And seriously, don't worry at all."

Sapnap started to walk away then paused as Karl cleared his throat loudly-- *obviously*.

"Oh fuck, almost forgot. Oh that would've been pretty unfortunate, huh?" Sapnap chuckled.

"What?" Dream asked, sensing that an announcement was coming.

"Just a little something from the three of us." Sapnap reached into his pocket, producing a small envelope. "Just promise you'll spoil your little pup rotten, yeah? In case we don't come back for a few months." The betas went back inside, but not before calling out a few quick "thank you"s, "goodbye"s and even a "you know, Sapnap's a great name for a pup, just putting that out there..."

Dream gave them a minute or so to safely leave the territory, putting the envelope in his pocket, unopened, and forgetting about it in favour of running to find George.

He reached the omega in the bathroom, standing by the sink with large patches of moisture around his neck and chest and the surrounding air thick with the strongest smell Dream had ever encountered.

*Fuck.* Was that really George?

Dream blinked a few times as he let the scent wash over him, sighing contentedly at how sweet and pacifying it was. In an instant, Dream forgot all of his worries and found himself staring at George in an almost trance-like manner.

"Dream?" George softly called out, dabbing himself with a washcloth in an attempt to control the new emissions.

In that moment, Dream wanted nothing but to run to George, to caress him and hold him and hide him from the world in his arms. But Dream stayed deathly still, frozen to the spot as new instincts made it clear that George was *far* too fragile now, absolutely *not* to be touched unless George himself initiated such gestures.

"So, do I smell different?" George raised an eyebrow, attempting to discern what exactly Dream was thinking. "Why are you just standing there like that?"

"C-Can't- I can't touch." Dream stammered.

"You... can't touch me? Why?"

George looked hurt, probably thinking that Dream's hesitation came from a place of revulsion, of disgust.

"Do I really smell that bad now? You can't even bear to be near me?" He forced a heartbreakingly laugh but Dream could immediately tell that George wasn't joking, that these fears were genuine. The omega set down the washcloth and hung his head in disappointment.

"God, no! That's not it at all!"

At this, George looked up and caught Dream's gaze, his dark eyes so beautiful and full of life. In fact, every inch of the omega's form seemed different now, but in the best of ways imaginable. It was like he was glowing! And Dream was in awe, felt as though he was seeing George for the first time again. The omega was radiating the most pleasant of vibes, so warm and agreeable.

In short, he looked and smelled like *home*.

"This is so weird. I feel this... intense urge to... I don't even know," Dream confessed.

George took a step towards him, holding out his hand for Dream to take. "Describe it to me."

"I wanna guard you. I-I don't want anyone to even come near you..." George took another step, now standing directly in front of Dream-- it was a small bathroom-- and guiding Dream's hand to his waist. Dream winced at the physical contact; it sent a shiver through his spine, like he'd violated some deeply-rooted, natural law. "No but George, I don't feel exempt from that, if that makes sense?"

"What do you mean, baby?" George asked, taking Dream's other hand and guiding it over to the swell of his belly. Dream wanted to revel in this moment, to properly appreciate what a privilege it was to feel George's adorable baby bump. He wanted to just stop and admire what his seed was doing to George, how beautifully he was changing.

But he couldn't.

"I... I shouldn't touch you either. You're too... like... delicate..." Dream pressed his eyes shut tight, cringing at his own words. He knew George *wasn't* delicate, and how he always detested being seen that way. But that was the truth-- that was what George's scent was overwhelmingly telling him.

Dream was expecting George to be angry, or at the very least, disappointed, but he simply hummed and released Dream's hand, instead moving to cup the alpha's face.

"I know you're not--" Dream began, in a hasty attempt to soften the blow.

"Don't." George swiftly cut him off before he had a chance to backtrack. "Please, you don't have to explain yourself. We knew this was coming. I guess it's just your turn to behave weirdly around me... seems quite fair."

Dream chuckled, secretly immensely grateful for George's understanding nature.

"So Sapnap and his pack?"

"Gone," Dream said. "Their call, not mine. Actually they were really cool about the whole thing, even gave me a quick debrief before I went after you."

"They're quite a special bunch, those betas. Quackity and Karl were... well I was certainly surprised..." George sighed. "So... antenatal classes huh? Damn Sapnap, so shamelessly submissive around his 'sir's, that little omega."

Dream rolled his eyes. "Not you judging him for that, surely. Oh but that reminds me!" He reached into his pocket, retrieving the small envelope and handing it to George. "They said this was a gift. I think it's probably a kind note or something. You wanna do the honours?"

George carefully opened the envelope, retrieving a small, black gift card with a note attached. The omega's eyes suddenly widened and he gasped as he read over the contents of the packet.

"That... is a lot of fucking zeros. Fucking hell, Sapnap!" George exclaimed.

The note was then handed back to Dream and he saw for himself what the betas had left behind as their generous parting gift.

*To: Dream and his annoying omega*

*Message: Go feral!*

*From: Uncle Sapnap (and Karl and Quackity)'*

"That is a lot of zeros, holy shit," Dream said, looking at the amount printed on the receipt that came with the gift card. It was too much money, really. Surely they couldn't accept such a ridiculous sum.

Although...

With the expenses that would go towards furniture for the nursery that hadn't even been started yet, plus costs for baby clothes and other supplies... that amount would soon be depleted. And Dream was sure that neither Sapnap nor his boyfriends would mind if the couple indulged a little beforehand, maybe used some of the money for their own gratification.

"Maybe I will buy that butler outfit after all..."

#### Chapter End Notes

No I'm not writing a butler chapter y'all are simply gonna have to use your imaginations

## Strong, little legs

### Chapter Summary

Mindless fluff not even gonna lie

### Chapter Notes

Yeah I'm using it/its pronouns for the pup lmaoo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

While George had initially been overwhelmingly grateful to have Dream working from home this week, he soon realised that the pair would have been far more productive had they been *separate*. Dream was relentless, always fussing over George, needing permission to so much as *breathe* near the omega, so it seemed.

"Oh god, are you okay? Is it the pup? Do you need me to get you anything? I swear, I'm not busy--" Dream frantically babbled, in response to George softly groaning as he stretched his limbs.

"I'm just stretching, baby. Chill. We've talked about this."

The alpha let out a resounding sigh of relief and turned back to his monitor, continuing with the code he was working on. Yes, sharing a home office had its perks but it also came with its downsides too. Namely that each was constantly aware of the other's presence. George did the same as Dream, reading back over his program and tuning out his surroundings. Or trying to, at least...

They'd had a talk after George's scent changed-- a talk that had proven to be quite necessary. Dream explained as best he could how different things felt for him, and George had tried *his* best to be understanding. After all, the omega had had his fair share of unique experiences too along the pregnancy. But George himself didn't feel any different, tragically unable to detect his own scent at all. From his perspective, Dream had just suddenly changed from cautious and slightly protective into a straight up person assistant and bodyguard.

And the butler outfit hadn't even arrived yet.

Still, the week continued and, before long, Dream was back in the office the following Monday, with George working from home, all alone.

Before Dream left, the couple stood by the door, hugging tenderly yet carefully, ever mindful of George's baby bump. It was quite a bit bigger now, halfway through the pregnancy, with only a month and a half to go until George was due. Though that information was somewhat daunting, the soon-to-be parents never wavered in their excitement, constantly gushing to each other about the different ways they would nurture and spoil the pup.

Dream was adamant that he would be there for the pup, *always*, in the way that his own alpha

father never was. Plus, he also made a firm point in reassuring George that he would never be left behind, that *he* was Dream's number one priority. Always.

Which was probably what always made leaving him so hard.

As George slowly pulled away from their embrace, he noticed that a single tear had escaped from Dream's eye and was rolling down his cheek.

"I'm sorry," Dream softly uttered, sniffling. "I'm trying to be strong for you, I swear."

"Oh Dream." George lifted his hand to caress Dream's face, wiping away the tear and looking deep into his eyes. "You're so- fuck, I love you so much."

That might not have been the best thing to say in that moment as it immediately prompted Dream to sniffle hard and squeeze his eyes shut, even more tears accumulating in the corners.

"Aww it's alright, baby. Hey, this is your last week in the office! That's exciting right?" George offered, attempting to soothe Dream for a change. Dream nodded, making a pathetic sound that was intended to be a noise of agreement. "And then I have you all to myself, just think about that, Dream. Won't that be nice?"

"I-" Dream's voice broke and he choked through a sob. After a deep breath, he continued, now whispering. "I can't wait... I- I don't know how I'm ever gonna get through today..."

George softly chuckled. "You're the big, strong alpha. I'm sure you can manage."

"You know I don't believe in th- that crap, George." Despite his words, a subtle smile appeared, tugging at the corners of Dream's mouth.

"I know, love. I know."

Every day seemed to go like this-- a display of tragic torment that George was forced to deal with and move on from. Because once Dream left for the day, George still had to work too. He had quotas that he was expected to fill and, though his heart was crying out for his alpha, he simply had to power through it. Every day got a little easier though; George felt his mind and body becoming more stable as he neared the end of the second trimester, likely in preparation for some new developments to soon begin...

It was now Friday *evening*.

George stood by the front door, checking his phone, checking the window, checking his phone again. Dream was going to be back any minute, and George had something *wonderful* to show him, something that had been distracting the omega all day.

As soon as George caught the scent, his eyes widened and a smile danced across his face in anticipation. Dream was home, and for *good* this time. No more disappearing for eight hours every day, no more anguished 'goodbye's, no more heartbreak! The couple still had one more week working from home together but at least George had his alpha back. And after those short 5 days, their maternity and paternity leaves began and it would be 24/7 prep for their new pup.

George couldn't wait!

Before Dream even reached the door, it flew open, revealing George in all his pregnant glory, standing before his beloved with his arms open.

"Welcome home, Dream!"

Dream's smile was electric, so raw and beautiful. Tears filled the eyes of both parties present as Dream ran to George and pulled him into a heartfelt embrace.

"George-" he softly mumbled into the omega's hair as he held him, "I'm here." Dream pulled away, taking George's hands and just holding them for a while. "I don't have to leave you ever again! I'm-god I'm so happy!"

In that moment, George completely lost himself in Dream's brimming eyes and tender grip. But eventually, he remembered the exciting piece of news that he wanted to share.

Or more accurately, he was quite abruptly *reminded*.

"Ah!- oh it's happening again." George took one of his hands back and placed it on his belly, rubbing in slow circles. "Such a clever little pup. Realised your papa's home, did you?"

"What- what's happening George?" Dream asked, but the ever-growing smile on his face gave George the impression that he was already perfectly aware.

"Why don't you feel for yourself? Here," George took Dream's hand and guided it over to the swell of his bump.

Dream's eyes practically glistened, the alpha so clearly enamoured by what he was feeling. He started giggling, now placing both hands on George and staring in delight and amazement.

"It's kicking! Wow, such strong, little legs. Gonna be such a strong pup, just like your dads," Dream gushed. "When did this start, Georgie? It doesn't hurt too bad, does it?"

George laughed. "No it doesn't hurt, just a little distracting is all. The little rascal started kicking right when I was about to get lunch. Guess you didn't approve of my broccoli pizza, did you?" he fondly said to his belly. "Well I thought it was pretty tasty..."

Dream took a second to process what George had just said, his face scrunching up in horror. "Broccoli on a pizza? Fucking hell, George are you trying to *kill* the little one?"

"Don't act so disgusted, I've seen you drink straight up ranch sauce before."

"Because Sapnap dared me to eat those spicy wings, remember?" Dream shuddered dramatically at the memory. "Not my finest moment, can't believe I let him talk me into that."

George now became aware that he and Dream were still lingering in the doorway, moving away and shutting the door behind them. For the rest of the evening, George found himself in a position he couldn't move from, not that he tried very hard to do so.

The couple lay on their bed, with George on his back and Dream by his side, head resting on George's belly. Every so often, the pup would start kicking again and Dream's face would light up with glee. George was perfectly content to just stay like this forever, with Dream doting over his swollen tummy and George gently caressing Dream's head, running his hand through his soft, wavy hair.

"You look so good like this, George," he suddenly said, looking up and meeting George's eye.

George couldn't help the blush that rose to spread across his cheeks. "Like what, baby?"

"Like..." Dream sighed contentedly, "I don't know... I don't know why I said that. It kinda slipped out."

"I see," George whispered, not wanting to press. But he knew what Dream meant; he felt exactly the same way. George looked down at himself, at his breasts and belly, and at Dream's head nuzzled against him. It was perfect. Truly, such a peaceful scene. For so long, George had been wanting this, dreaming of having a pup with the love of his life. All the bumps in the road were worth it for the moments like these, filled with pure contentment and unending bliss.

It was perfect.

#### Chapter End Notes

Yes I just speedran like 2 weeks in 1 chapter... shut up

Also the next part is the tiddy milk chapter so heads up for that if you're not into it

## Sweet milk

### Chapter Summary

Yup. We lactatin' tonight boys.

### Chapter Notes

Enjoy, ya horny little freaks.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was having a *grand* old time, truly. He so adored when George came to him and asked him for help with... well anything to be honest! Desperate to tend to George's every need, to ensure that the omega never experienced anything even remotely close to physical discomfort.

But specifically now, after George had come in to Dream, biting his lip and with tears welling up in his eyes, gently-- desperately-- asking him to massage his breasts. His voice had sounded so soft as he made the request, he seemed so conflicted, so afflicted. Dream couldn't say no to such an offer, of course he couldn't.

Besides, he would have taken absolutely *any* opportunity to fondle his omega's incredible chest. Even now, at the beginning of the third trimester, Dream still had yet to get over George's body and how magnificent it had become. He'd always admired George's form, his leanness, his slenderness. But seeing the omega like *this*-- with huge breasts and a swelling belly, he looked undeniably perfect.

These days, Dream was never the one to initiate touches. He just didn't feel like he had the right to put his hands on such a heavenly body except at George's *explicit* request, which was what made Dream so excited at present.

"Are they feeling uh, tender?" Dream had caringly asked, gesturing for George to come and sit beside him on the couch. George hummed, nodding his head in agreement and looking at the floor.

Odd. He wasn't usually so quiet.

"You want a massage through the dress or would you like to take this off?" Dream prompted, after having noted that George wasn't moving much. He seemed awfully distracted; whatever was causing soreness in his breasts must have been quite significant.

"I'll... take it off... lemme... lemme uh..." George started to anxiously fidget with the hem of his dress, trying to work out how best to remove it.

"Allow me, George," Dream requested, rising to his feet and towering over the seated omega. It was a good thing that today George was wearing a gorgeous, light blue smock dress. Big and flowy and quite easy to lift above his head to remove.

Once off, George's arms instantly came across his chest and a soft groan escaped the omega's mouth.

"Bra too?" Dream offered.

George's face scrunched up and he groaned once more then started to nod.

So, off came the bra as well. Now Dream had found himself face-to-face with an almost entirely naked George.

Wow... he looked entrancing...

Dream shook his head, snapping himself back to the situation. While George hadn't said much, Dream could tell that he was in a state of discomfort-- so much was obvious from his scent alone. The source of such discomfort seemed to be his breasts? And George *had* asked for a massage only a few moments prior so that was Dream's best bet for alleviating George's pain.

He sat back down again and pulled George closer, then took his breasts in his hands.

Woah, they felt really *full*... had they always felt like that?

That reminded Dream of how, someday quite soon, George's milk was expected to begin production. That would be quite the event, Dream thought to himself, chuckling aloud as he started to gently rub and caress George's breasts. He'd read horror stories online of omegas who, on the *first* day of their production, had actually started to *over-lactate*, requiring their alpha's help to balance out the quantity. What a bizarre situation that probably was for them...

Anyway, Dream continued, happily playing with George's tits and enjoying the warm, squishy flesh beneath his fingers, when he became aware that George wasn't letting out his typical string of contented moans. Whenever Dream would touch him like this, he usually squirmed and sighed. Yet now it seemed that he was just fussing and groaning even more. Unfortunately, it appeared as though Dream's touches hadn't been successful after all.

"Does this... does this feel any better, baby?" Dream asked, receiving a loud groan of discontentment in response. Oh. Clearly not then. "Am I doing something wrong? Please tell me, I only want to make you feel good."

"It's not that... it's just... it feels... hhnng~" George suddenly arched his back, pushing his breasts more forcefully into Dream's hands, squeezing and compressing them in the process. The spontaneous increase in pressure seemed to have made a difference as George gasped *sharply* and tried to wriggle away from Dream. He pushed away the alpha's hands and began cupping his own breasts tightly, hiding them from the Dream's view.

"Oh come on..." George exhaled, his shaky voice sounded utterly defeated. "Actually Dream, it's uh- it's nothing. I'm just gonna- I'm- I gotta go. Thank you for your help, love. But I-I gotta-"

George's face was flushed a deep crimson, he looked utterly mortified.

"Wait, what's wrong, baby? Did something- I mean are you- please, don't leave-" Dream frantically spewed. From George's expression, he seemed to be in the middle of a serious internal debate regarding what to do. Dream couldn't work it out, what could have possibly changed in the last five seconds to warrant this shift?

"Dream, it's... I've started," George finally confessed. "Fuck, of course this would happen to me. This always happens to me. Every possible thing that *can* go awry, *does* go awry."

George had started frustratedly rambling, with Dream still hopelessly lost, unable to pick up on the very clear signs. "What's happened? I don't understand."

"Have a look for yourself," George bitterly mumbled, before finally uncovering his chest once more.

Oh.

Oh.

"Oh!" Dream gasped, his eyes shooting open.

Right there at George's nipple: small, obvious beads of a cloudy, white substance. Milk. How wonderful, he must have started production! So why was he so flustered?

Wait... something wasn't right here.

Ordinarily, when production started, milk didn't just immediately come spilling out of the person's tit. That would be ridiculous! This only happened in cases where the person was *over-lactating*...

"Ohhh..."

"Yeah," George uttered, looking quite fed up already.

It did seem as though George was always subject to the most unlikely of occurrences. First the sporadic growth-spurts, the huge breasts, then the intermittent subspaces, and now *this*. Whatever, there was no time to waste performing statistical analysis over what had happened. George needed relief *now* and, lucky for him, Dream had read up on this beforehand.

"Okay. Hey, this isn't a problem at all, Georgie. I know exactly how to help you." Dream gulped, staring at George's milky nipples and starting to lean in for them.

"Um, what the fuck are you doing?" George asked, eyes wide with alarm.

"Helping," Dream innocently replied. "You're over-lactating. There's too much milk. So I'm gonna... y'know... drink it."

"What?!"

George frantically shuffled away from Dream in horror and embarrassment, cupping his breasts once again.

"This is how we deal with this. It's only one day anyway." Dream tentatively reached for George's hands, slowly attempting to guide them away. "It's alright, George. Really. If I don't do this, the ache is just gonna get worse as the day goes on. And I don't mind, I'd do anything for you."

"I... I guess... I mean if you're offering... that's alright, I... I suppose..."

George sounded like he was trying to mentally prepare himself, and Dream could hardly blame him. Having his alpha suckling at his tits would be quite a strange sensation for sure.

He lay back on the sofa, with Dream carefully repositioning himself to be just off to the omega's side, not putting any weight on his baby bump. Dream shot George one last look of 'are you okay?' to which George nodded and closed his eyes.

Dream leaned in close to George's chest, gaze fixed on those leaking nipples. He'd done this

before-- running his tongue over George's tits to pleasure him, even taking them in his mouth on a couple of occasions just to hear George cry out in delight-- and this was no different, no different at all.

With one final deep breath, Dream decided to just go for it, latching onto one of George's tits and sucking like he was trying to leave a hickey. George threw his head back and damn near screamed at the sensation.

"Aaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!~"

Suddenly, a stream of milk started to flow into Dream's mouth, warm and sweet and even kind of soothing. It was... it was delicious! Dream was barely aware of the sensual moans he *himself* was making as he greedily drank from George's bountiful breast. His eyes fluttered closed and a gentle cloudiness fogged his mind. This was incredible; Dream could hardly believe how good this felt, how aroused he was from the mere act of drinking from his omega's tits.

"D-Dre-eam-m!~" George cried out after a while from above, voice hitching and breaking, chest *heaving* with his desperate, heavy breathing.

Dream hadn't even noticed-- George was *wrecked*.

He finally managed to tear his mouth away from the source of that heavenly substance long enough to take in George's fucked out appearance, his glazed over eyes and gaping mouth.

"Wha~ Whaddisit?~ Is'ereaproblem?~" Dream hazily babbled, catching George's gaze for a second and smiling at the adorable sight of his blissful expression.

"Oh- you're- you're s-so fu-cking gone-" George panted.

"Mmm, yeahh youtoo~"

"Y-Yeah, 'm pre-tty gone..." George breathlessly chuckled. "Ne-ed you to switch- switch breast though, p-please."

Oh yeah, Dream had forgotten for a second why he was performing this act in the first place. Alleviating the pressure in his beloved omega's chest. Right. No problem.

Dream slowly nodded and went back down, locking his lips around George's other nipple, hearing him once again squealing in ecstasy.

It was over too soon. Dream only had to drink the *excess* production, of which there honestly wasn't that much anyway. When George gave the 'all clear', the indication that the soreness was gone, Dream had to reluctantly pull away, whining softly at the loss. He laid his head by the side of George's chest, battling the urge to just suck him dry, there and then.

Fuck, that was *way* too enjoyable, for both parties it seemed.

Dream found himself so calm and sleepy all of a sudden. He carefully climbed off George, then reached down and effortlessly picked him up, bridal style.

"Woah! What are you-?" George tried, but Dream shushed him, shaking his head.

"It's bedtime... We're going to bed..."

"Dream, it's noon-"

"Shhh," Dream smiled dozily, "we're going to bed..."

George laughed fondly, then nuzzled into Dream's chest as he was held. "I guess we're going to bed then."

#### Chapter End Notes

Dream be like tiddy milk zzzzz

# Body worship

## Chapter Summary

Literally just the chapter title. Literally just that.

## Chapter Notes

Remember when I tagged the fic 'pregnancy kink'? Well here it is. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When they said that omegas suffered from morning heats instead of morning sickness, they were, as George concluded, fucking lying.

Or partially lying at least, because among other things, George was feeling hopelessly nauseous at present. Plus, the little pup frantically kicking away in his belly was doing nothing to soothe him at all. Neither was Dream, sleeping soundly by his side, snoring contentedly, completely unaware of George's growing frustrations.

"Hhnngg~ Dreeeaam~" George groaned, flailing his arm behind himself in an attempt to slap the alpha. "Wake uuuup~"

"Ugh what? What is it?" Dream groggily asked, slurring his words together as he stirred. "Oh fuck, and what is that *smell*?"

"Morning hhhh~ heat. Morning heat. You read about them, right?"

Dream hummed contemplatively, then suddenly turned, changing his position in the bed so that he was facing George's back. The frantic motion shook the bed, causing George even more discomfort which he expressed through another whiney groan.

"Sorry, baby. Uh, yeah, I read about morning heats. Did you?"

George whined again. "No, I figured I'd just let you take care of it or whatever. God, I feel like I'm gonna be sick, what's wrong with me?"

"You can't like... feel what you need?"

"Dream, stop being so goddamn cryptic. What's going on? How do I stop this? What? Do you need to fuck me, is that it?"

"Uhhh something like that."

George could have murdered Dream. Literally murdered him for how vague he was being.

The omega was so helpless and desperate right now, stuck lying on his side with a *huge* swollen belly. George placed his hands on the bump, rubbing it in an attempt to get the pup within to calm

down enough for George to be able to *think* again.

"Please stop kicking. Please, darling. Daddy can't fucking deal with this right now," George cried to his belly in exasperation.

"I *can* help George. But it's gonna take a sec."

"What the hell do you mean '*it's gonna take a sec*'? What exactly do you need to do? God, just tell me already."

"It's my knot, Georgie. Your body wants to be knotted. I can feel *my own* body reacting to the scent you're releasing, trying to inflate it." Dream's hands reached under George's maternity nightie and pulled down his panties, just enough that George's hole was uncovered. "I'm not just gonna jam it in there, though, obviously. That'll only end up hurting you, so you're gonna have to be patient, okay?"

Okay. That sounded reasonable. George just had to wait like one minute for Dream to properly stretch him out. No problem at all.

"Oh fuck! Knot me, alpha! Please knot me! Need your cock in me! Need you to fill me, please! Now! Please... alpha... need... cock... aagh!"

George hadn't meant to start babbling like this but, as soon as Dream mentioned his knot, all bets were off. Now that George was able to identify what his body was craving, the need to be knotted became all-consuming and he could barely even keep still.

If it hadn't been for the huge, squirming mass in George's belly that he was currently having to use both hands to rub and soothe, he would've immediately set to work with stretching out his hole. As it was though, all George could do was plead and beg for Dream to go faster, to stop being so fucking careful and just ram it in him already.

Dream worked quickly but carefully, which some buried part of George was actually pretty grateful for. One finger, two fingers, three, four, but George didn't feel full yet. Nothing compared to the sensation of Dream's knot, nothing came close and it had now been a couple of months since George had been blessed with that sweet sensation.

George gasped as Dream suddenly pushed in. He was expecting Dream to immediately start moving, thrusting, *something*, but all the alpha did was stay completely still, with his hips pressed right up against the bottom of George's back.

"Aren't you gonna—" George began but was interrupted by the *rapturous* feeling of Dream's knot expanding. It was ecstasy. George cried out with delight as finally the nausea started to dissipate and he was able to breathe once again without practically retching.

"Better now?" Dream rumbled into George's neck, starting to kiss around his scent gland and claiming mark. "You can be so impatient."

George nodded and felt Dream's body press against his back very cozily. A hand came around and cupped George's breast as he continued soothing his own belly.

"Excited for the class tomorrow? I know I am," Dream earnestly commented, fondling George's tit with practiced ease in such a way that brought George copious amounts of pleasure.

"Ahhh~" George sighed under his alpha's touch, "you- fuck, you already know I'm not looking forward to it, you bastard."

"I know, baby. But *you. lost. the bet.*"

Dream punctuated every word, practically hissing them by George's ear, making him twitch and shiver.

"Yeah well, the butler outfit's gonna get here sooner or later," George warned. "Was getting it shipped from America some kind of delaying tactic?"

Dream chuckled in amusement. "Now, would I do something like that?"

"Yes."

Luckily for George, the morning heats didn't seem to hit every day. He awoke the next morning with a clear mind, filled with dread thinking about how he not only had to go out in public in his current state, but had to sit in a room filled with other pregnant people for hours. Gross.

George wasn't ashamed of his body, he wasn't. He'd grown to kind of enjoy feeling so round and full all the time, in fact, and certainly enjoyed all the attention it brought him from his alpha. But, going to an antenatal class as a *pregnant male omega*... that was going to be uncomfortable, George could already tell. All those people looking at him, making comments about what a good breeder he was, what a good job his alpha had done with seeding him, how *this* was his purpose, what he was made for.

It was going to be unbearable.

Dream, on the other hand, was bouncing off the walls, feeling a swell of pride at the prospect of showing off his beautiful omega for everyone to see. George found this primitive when Dream told him but had to admit that an excited Dream was always a cute sight indeed.

"Oh Georgie, you look *so good* like this. You know that?"

"Yeah I know, 'cause you always say it. And then I ask you to clarify what you mean and suddenly you go all shy," George pouted.

"How's this for shy?" Dream uttered as his lips came crashing down onto George's and he began running his hands all over George's body. "Your breasts are incredible, George. They're so perfect, the perfect size and shape for your slim body. I know they're big and I know that was intimidating at first, but you gotta admit, they look *so right* on you. And don't think I haven't noticed how your skin glows and shines these days, how you smile *so brightly* when I touch you like this. I know you love it, I know you do."

Dream moved his hands down, pressing them against George's belly in a way that made his knees weak. "And *this!* I used to fantasise about you like this, y'know, so big and swollen with my pup. And yet here you are, more beautiful than I could have ever imagined."

Bowing his head, Dream leaned down to adorn George's belly in an unending string of kisses. George's heart was fluttering wonderfully as his alpha worshiped his body with such sincerity. He found himself believing it too, believing every word Dream said. In that moment, with Dream praising him in that way, George felt like a miracle!

"I know it's been rocky, baby. And I know that the true prize at the end of all of this is going to be our adorable pup. But I've said it before and I'll say it a thousand times, you look *so good like this.*"

George was rendered utterly speechless by this display of admiration. He was only teasing; he

never expected Dream to actually come out and say all of that.

"Dream~" he softly breathed, feeling so revered that he wasn't sure how to process it.

"Hey, I know you needed to hear that before we left." Dream suddenly backed away, grinning as his face returned to the excited expression from earlier. "Your body is perfect George, *you* are perfect! No matter what happens, always remember how much I adore you. Promise me you will?"

George chuckled fondly, contentedly. "I promise. Thanks, Dream. I really needed that."

"I know. Let's get you in the car, shall we?"

#### Chapter End Notes

Lmao should I get a twitter?

## The antenatal class

### Chapter Summary

Who actually goes to these? And why?

### Chapter Notes

The way I flat out refuse to name any of the background characters

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A beta lady stood before a room of expecting couples and cleared her throat in a loud and assertive manner to get everyone's attention.

"Alright, lovely to see so many of you here. I think we'll get started now with some introductions. So let's go around the group and everyone can say their name, pronouns and what they're hoping to get out of this class. Alright? Wonderful. Who wants to go first?"

Quite predictably, all eyes *immediately* flicked over to the *only* male-male couple present.

Dream heard George make a disappointed tutting sound, clicking his tongue and lightly scoffing under his breath from the attention. Currently, the omega was sat cross-legged on a yoga mat, with Dream kneeling up behind him and gently holding his bump. All the other couples in the room had been instructed to assume this position as well, arranged in a semicircle around the class leader.

"I guess we're going first?" Dream forced a mild laugh in an attempt to diffuse some of the tension.  
"Right. Uh, I'm Dream, I use he/him pronouns and I guess I'm here because-

Suddenly, he was cut off by the group leader making a strange, patronising humming sound.  
"Uhmm, aren't you going to introduce your omega as well?" she asked, an unsettling, artificial-looking smile plastered across her face.

"Oh..." Dream furrowed his brow. "Well, I just figured that- because you said we were *all* gonna say our..." He glanced down at George, receiving a disheartened nod, and tried to look sympathetic. "Yeah, of course, sorry. I'm Dream, he/him, and this is... *my omega*, George, also he/him."

Dream cringed as he said those words. God, he really hated having to introduce George as *his* omega. It felt so possessive and wrong.

Perfectly oblivious to Dream's inner turmoil, the leader simply smiled in response-- an encouraging and empty gesture. "So what brings you both here today, hm?"

Was Dream really going to have to do *all* the talking? The whole reason he'd wanted to come with George in the first place was to give him a chance to mingle a little, to get more comfortable in his skin and to feel more confident about the whole ordeal.

'Confident' was the *last* thing George appeared to be feeling right now...

"Just hoping to learn a bit more about the pregnancy, I guess. To meet people in a similar situation."

Dream looked around the circle for signs of agreement and support. He did receive some kind smiles and nods in return which was quite reassuring. However, he also managed to catch a few people staring, their expressions ranging from innocent fascination to thinly-veiled disapproval. The worst of these looks were directed towards George, it seemed. This was probably the first encounter with a male omega for most of the people present.

And George in his current form was hardly doing much to disprove the whole 'male omegas are nothing but whores and breeders' stereotype. Especially with his body looking so incredible in the dress he was wearing.

"Yes, that's very good." The leader gestured towards the couple next to them. "Would you like to introduce yourselves next?"

As they went around the circle, Dream noticed that, for all the male-female, beta-beta couples, both partners were given the opportunity to speak equally. However, the only other alpha-omega couple present found themselves in the same predicament as Dream and George. The omega female had *tried* to be the one to speak, only for her words to be met by a harsh, disapproving glare from the group leader. The alpha male then reluctantly took over, and Dream recognised the familiar flush of embarrassment on both of their faces.

Once everyone had spoken, the leader paired the couples up, saying that they were going to do a little networking before the 'real fun' would begin.

No-one was surprised when Dream and George *just so happened* to be paired up with the alpha-omega duo. The three Brits greeted each other with awkward, polite smiles, not showing their teeth or lips. Dream knew this move well, having been living in the UK for several years now, and returned the gesture with practiced ease.

"So... pretty random we got paired up together, eh?" the woman said, laughing softly. "What were your names again?"

"I'm George. This is my partner, Dream."

"Nice to meet you, I'm..."

The two omegas fell into an easy conversation, immediately bonding over how *rude* the leader had been and how sick they each were of the way omegas were *still* treated. Their alphas stood close to their mates, staring each other down quite dangerously.

In actuality, it wasn't all that smart to pair up the only alphas in the room. Especially given that they were *literally* standing beside their pregnant omegas. The urge to be territorial and possessive was incredibly hard to resist, and Dream could see in the other alpha's eyes that he was struggling with the same issue.

Dream's hand never left George's body. It always had to be touching him somehow, be that on his shoulder, on his bump, around his waist, wherever. The gesture was small, ultimately, but gave the clear message of '*protected*' to anyone nearby.

"Dream," George softly hissed, lightly slapping him on the arm. "You've been asked a question, love." Dream grumbled, clearing his throat and uttering a soft apology for having zoned out.

The omega lady chuckled and repeated herself. "Don't worry about it. I just asked, is Dream, like, a common name in America? Just, like, from your accent, you're clearly from..."

"What? Oh no, haha, it's not uh- not common, no," Dream stammered, blushing.

"Ah... Well, it's cool though. Super unique! Right, babe?"

The lady now tapped her own partner on the face, snapping him out of *his* own primitive trance.

"Yeah. You guys are a, uh, pretty unique pair, it seems. Actually, George, I was a little surprised you said he/him pronouns a second ago. Y'know, because you look so-" The alpha caught himself right as Dream shot him a look that firmly cautioned '*tread carefully*'. "Not that- it's just with the dress and the, uh, body... uhh..."

Dream felt his pulse quicken, his palms growing sweaty. '*Don't growl, don't growl. Don't fucking growl, Dream. Control yourself. Don't fucking-*'

Saved from his manic attempt at self control was Dream, by the sound of the leader's voice once again calling everyone's attention over to herself. Fuck, that was close. No wonder there were so few alphas here, this was fucking precarious.

"Hopefully by now you've all had a second to chat a little. If you'll all turn yourselves back around to face me, thank you."

The group leader then turned on a projector, casting a PowerPoint slide with 'LABOUR' written in big letters onto the wall. Dream gulped involuntarily and was sure George had done the same. The leader started her presentation, practically assaulting the group with a barrage of horrifying facts and statistics about giving birth. Dream's hands were still on George's belly and he could feel the pup starting to grow restless, likely in response to George's heightened stress levels.

Immediately following the worrying spew, the leader then assured the group that all the aforementioned pain and strife was entirely avoidable. "The trick is *breathing*," she claimed, and revealed a diagram.

Oh no. Dream could tell where *this* was going.

Within minutes, the class had descended into a dissonance of panting and deep inhales and exhales. Dream attempted to help George out, hoping that he was taking this seriously as the information seemed crucial, but naturally had no such luck.

"Would you stop *laughing* already? Oh my god, George," Dream light-heartedly scolded, trying to hold in a laugh himself. "People already think you're a ditzy omega. You're really not helping your case here, baby."

George's laugh was so distinguishable too. Once he properly got started, several other individuals had joined in, including the omega lady from earlier. The leader came over and George instantly switched, his expression twisting into one of raw determination as he performed the breathing exercise he'd been instructed to. She looked down at him, practically sneering in a way that made Dream want to go apeshit on her ass, and then politely informed Dream that *his omega*'s breaths were far too erratic.

Unsure how to respond, Dream actually found himself *apologising* to her for George's uneven breathing, then mentally beat himself up afterwards. Why had he said that?

George quietly snickered as the lady walked away. "Oh, I'm *so sorry* my silly, little omega lacks

the mental capacity to fucking breathe correctly," he mocked.

"Yeah, yeah. It's funny now, but we'll see who gets the last laugh when you're actually in labour, won't we?"

That shut George right up and he started to pay much closer attention to what the leader was saying.

The final part of the session revolved around what happened immediately after birth and Dream felt his cheeks burn as the leader got onto the subject of breastfeeding. She started to describe, as best she could, exactly *how* it would feel for the expecting mothers to nurse their pups, how they would know they were doing it right. George already knew, of course, but neither he nor Dream mentioned the *incident* that had occurred when George's milk production first started.

In response to a comment the leader had made about how omegas were 'especially blessed' because their breasts would get bigger during a pregnancy, the majority of eyes once again landed on George, though some also went to the other omega in the room. He crossed his arms over his chest in a subtle attempt to deter the stares, leaning back into Dream for comfort.

By the time the class had ended, Dream could tell that George was completely spent. He grabbed a couple of information leaflets and was about to make a beeline for the car when the other alpha-omega couple came over.

The alpha apologised profusely for being awkward earlier, admitting that he hadn't been in the presence of another alpha while his partner was pregnant and wasn't usually so hostile. The omega then gave George her number, just in case he ever wanted another expecting omega to talk to.

A few smiles and 'goodbye's later and Dream and George were sat in the car, alone at last.

"That wasn't too bad, was it George?" Dream tenderly asked, freely releasing his soothing scent now that they were in a confined space, away from the other alpha and omega.

"It wasn't great, I'm not gonna lie. Could've gone much worse though, I suppose. And besides," George smirked. "I'm sure you'll be making it up to me soon enough..."

## Chapter End Notes

I'm pretty much at the end of my prompts so I'm thinking one more fluff+smut chapter and then onto the conclusion.

How exciting!

How the fuck do I conclude this?!??

# My submissive alpha

## Chapter Summary

Dream sucks are roleplay fr fr

## Chapter Notes

Fine you fucks:

~The Butler Chapter~

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George didn't take advantage of how tender and eager to please Dream had become during the pregnancy; he would never do such a thing! Especially given that the shift in their dynamic was mostly due to the hormones anyway, not some newfound desire of Dream's to be submissive or anything.

So George hadn't let himself indulge properly, hadn't used Dream's current state to its full potential.

Until now, of course.

"Do I *really* have to call you 'Sir', Georgie?" Dream whined. "It just doesn't feel right when you look like that--"

"Of course you will refer to me by my proper title, Butler! Unless you wish to lose your status as my handsome manservant, that is." George cocked an eyebrow. "And *where* did your accent go, hm? Where's my distinguished, gentleman butler gone, hmm?"

Dream groaned-- an adorable, inoffensive sound-- as he straightened his back and spit out a mocking "oh, my humble apologies, Sir" in his best British accent. A satisfied chuckle escaped George's mouth before he quickly remembered himself and returned to scowling again.

The butler costume had *finally* reached the house a whopping *one week* before George was due and, by this point, he'd been rendered fairly helpless and almost completely immobilised by his *huge* belly. For the past few weeks, with Dream now home and the couple on their official leaves from work, all time and effort was being spent getting ready for the rapidly approaching due date. The beta trio's money had certainly proved to be quite useful indeed-- who knew nursery furniture and pup supplies were so expensive?

George had decided that the arrival of the butler costume was a sign for him to truly act like a pampered, little omega, if just for one day, and he'd made Dream aware of this the night before.

Naturally, George was contributing *his* bit to the scene as well, having donned a beautiful--

*scandalous*-- maternity babydoll. It was a pale blue number adorned in mesh that ended at the mid-thigh and truly showcased George's body: the breasts and bump that Dream had fallen so in love with. Underneath, George had on no panties which only further aided with his promiscuous mentality.

"So can I... I mean is this the part where I suck your dick or...?" Dream asked, once again *not* in an British accent.

"Hmm..." George pretended to think about it, though the reality was that he'd planned everything to a T.

The mere act of getting Dream to wait on George hand and foot wasn't anything new or exciting at this point. So, even with Dream dressed like a butler, George decided to take the scene in a slightly different direction from merely acts of subservience.

"No, darling. I think this is the part where you dance with me."

"What? You've gotta be kidding, right?" Dream furrowed his brows and squinted at George, trying to read his mind. "You are kidding, aren't you? George, you're *huge*. You can barely walk, let alone dance-"

George cut him off. "I know it's *very scandalous* for the 'Omega of the House' to be seen dancing with his lowly butler..." he said, slowly nodding and winking in the hopes that Dream would catch on.

"... But I promise, if we go nice and slow..."

The speakers next to where the couple were standing started to quietly play a slow song on George's signal.

"...and if you hold me just like this..."

Turning away from Dream, George pressed his back against the alpha's chest and reached for Dream's arms, guiding them to cup his belly. A sigh escaped from George's quivering lips as Dream suddenly took the weight of his bump, lifting it up ever so slightly. Fuck, that was such a sweet relief!

"Ahh~ Thank you~" George exhaled. "Now whisper sweet nothings into my ear. Tell me how outrageous this is, what awful repercussions there will be if we're caught together. Imagine a world where our love is forbidden..."

"I do not have to *imagine* such a world, Sir," Dream suddenly began in character, swaying gently in time with the music as he uttered his lines into George's neck. "Not so long ago, *our* love was forbidden. There are still many people who... uh... *abhor* the sight of us together."

George craned his neck upwards, seeing an adorable, proud smile on Dream's face at the fancy word usage. He nodded approvingly, encouraging Dream to continue.

"Though, how anyone could speak against you when you look so... um... oh- *ravishing!* is beyond me, Sir."

"Careful, Butler," George chided, "do not speak so boldly. This dance may be our last, after all."

"Then uh... let me make it memorable for us?" Dream suggested, clearly growing impatient with the mere act of rocking side to side in time with the music.

George hummed, now taking the weight of his bump back in his own hands and turning back around to face Dream.

No longer able to wear heels around the house due to soreness, George went around barefoot and had to look up to catch Dream's gaze. The height difference in reality was only a few inches, but George felt so much smaller next to Dream at present, having to slouch slightly due to the weight of the belly. Despite this, he asserted himself by reaching up to tip down Dream's chin, in a subtle gesture that said 'I'm still in control right now.'

"Make it memorable, you say? And how do you suggest we achieve such a thing?" George asked, looking into Dream's eyes sternly. "Surely you are not trying to knot me, Butler. I have already endured enough of *that* of late."

The morning heats, though pleasurable at first, had grown old pretty quick. At first, they came only every few days, then soon every other day, and now every morning. The heats were essentially for the male omega to prepare to give birth, the pair had learned, as the process stretched George's hole quite thoroughly. But this meant that actual sex was now very much off the table.

"Of course I'm not trying to knot you, Sir. What do you take me for? Some primitive alpha?" Dream scoffed, trying his best to fight off a genuine grin.

"It seems that I was mistaken, dear Butler. I must have forgotten. You *are* only here to serve *me*, after all, my submissive alpha." George relished in Dream's uneasy reaction. "You are mine, Butler. How does that feel? When I call you *mine*?"

A visible shudder went down Dream's spine as George spoke those words. "It feels..." Dream narrowed his eyes. "It feels so *wrong*, Sir. So wrong and so unnatural. Yet also, so... *compelling*."

"Perfect," George uttered under his breath, reaching up and taking a lock of Dream's hair. The alpha stood perfectly still, eyes fixed on George as he twirled the hair between his fingers. "I think you should do your job then, Butler. Service me."

Dream now completely abandoned his character, smiling enthusiastically at the prospect of finally getting something corporeal at last.

"But first uh, help me into the bedroom, please," George requested, also breaking character. While he *could* technically walk without assistance, he'd grown to much prefer clinging onto Dream's arm as he waddled about from place to place. And Dream didn't mind one bit, loving being close to George and the pup at all times.

Once in the bedroom, George-- with a considerable amount of assistance-- managed to get into position, propped up by some pillows, lying on his back. For a moment, he had to just rest there, panting softly from the effort required to do... well, anything these days. Dream waited, watching attentively to make sure that George was alright before they continued.

"Is the pup behaving?" he lovingly asked.

"For now..." George provided, "but let's not waste time, yeah?"

Dream nodded in concurrence and started to lift up George's nightie, uncovering his straining erection. "Oh! Are we back in character...?"

"Of course. Get on with it, Butler!" George hissed. Dream cocked an eyebrow in response, but conceded and accepted the command.

At once, his head disappeared below the light, flowy fabric of George's babydoll and George pursed his lips expectantly. He felt Dream's warm, wet tongue tracing his slit and shuddered at the sensation. Dream chuckled at this reaction, getting out a quick "how does *this* feel, Sir?" before planting kisses around the head of George's cock.

"You've- ohh~ you've grown so skilled at this, B-Butler."

A satisfied humming sound could be heard coming from the man under George's dress as he felt the tip of his dick suddenly engulfed in an intoxicating, moist heat. Instinctively, George bucked his hips upwards, then winced at the discomfort this movement caused him.

Dream pulled off, immediately clocking the negative response. "Something wrong? Is it the pup?" he nervously asked.

"Tried to buck my hips. Don't worry, baby." George reassured, then continued, lowering his voice. "Although, if you'd stop *teasing*, that would be quite helpful too, Butler."

"Of course, Sir. Apologies, Sir." Dream winked and disappeared once again.

This time, he took George down in a single, swift motion that made the omega's eyelids flutter uncontrollably. George cried out with pleasure as Dream started to bob up and down, running his tongue as he went and hitting every spot that made George scream. Dream seized George's thighs and started to massage them, fondling in time with his own head movements.

George's hands gripped the sheets below with white knuckles. In an instant, he forgot about the scene and just started uncontrollably moaning Dream's name over and over and over again, each utterance growing more broken and breathy with delight and desire.

If Dream noticed George's impromptu switch back to using his name, he didn't make any indication of it. He continued instead with a determined look on his face-- not that George could see in his position-- as the pair of hands detached from George's thighs and very carefully came down to rest on his belly. George quickly moved his own hands to cover Dream's and from there he was officially *gone*, lost in the way his heart swelled with love and tenderness.

It didn't take long for George to cry out one final, drawn-out "Dre-e-e-am!" and cum down the alpha's throat, with Dream eagerly swallowing.

"How was that, Sir? Do I get to keep my job?" Dream playfully asked, licking his lips enticingly.

George was completely breathless for a moment, tragically unable to form any appropriate response. All he could do was nod and grin as Dream came to lie by his side, draping one of his arms gently over George's baby bump.

After some recovery time, George made a point of turning his head to face Dream and firmly cautioning him to not get *too familiar*.

"I've still got another twenty or so hours with you as my butler, remember? You're not getting out of it just because you made me cum. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir. Of course, Sir." Dream stole a cheeky kiss from George's lips and then guiltily smiled. "Apologies, Sir. Couldn't resist. Please forgive me."

And then it was George's turn to fight a smile and stay in character.

"Don't let it happen again."

## Chapter End Notes

Am I playing around with the master/servant dynamic in preparation for another fic  
I'm gonna start releasing soon? Hmm maybe so maybe so

## **Happy ending**

### Chapter Summary

Final chapter woo woo

### Chapter Notes

idk what you guys were expecting/hoping for but here's what I came up with.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You have to wait here—"

"No! I need to be with him!"

"Sir please, Doctor Adebayo will be here in just a moment. Can you please just sit and—"

"That's *my omega!* I'm his birth partner, I need to be with him, *please!*"

Dream could smell it, even through the agonisingly closed door: the unmistakable stench of his omega in distress. Why wouldn't they let him *in*?! That was *his George* in there, crying and sweating and calling out for Dream in precisely the same way that Dream was calling out for George.

"It's dangerous for an alpha to be present while their omega is in labour. The midwives will need to touch him and you might lash out at them! Sir please, just wait here until I can get confirmation from your GP that you won't endanger our staff."

Pure, red hot adrenaline was coursing through Dream's veins. He had to get in there, it wasn't a question. All that stood between him and his omega was this nurse. He could probably take her, right? She was what? 5'7"? Yeah, he could *easily* just knock her aside. And then he'd be with George again. That's all he had to do to be with George. Yeah, he just had to... to...

"Fuck!" Dream growled in frustration, turning himself away from the poor nurse before he hurt her. "I'm not a- I *can* control myself, I swear!" he pleaded, trying to regain control over his voice in an effort to prove his point.

"Then you can wait here for the doctor," the nurse asserted, scowling in a way that made Dream feel positively small. She then softened her expression, exhaling deeply and looking Dream in the eye. "Listen. My colleagues are already in there, ensuring that your omega is as comfortable as possible. We're not the bad guys, I promise you. And it's touching to see that you're so invested in your mate's comfort, really it is..."

The nurse continued, telling Dream that the policies were in place for the more feral alphas-- the ones with no respect or regard for non-alphas, who turned to violence without hesitation. The very

fact that Dream was listening to the beta nurse informed her already that he wasn't like this, but, as she reiterated, her hands were tied until the GP arrived.

Dream took deep breaths as he waited outside the delivery room, trying with all his might to keep composed, to not think about George suffering in the room next door.

Fortunately, the doctor arrived only a few minutes later, greeting Dream with an apologetic smile and giving verbal confirmation that they knew the alpha and trusted him to control himself. As soon as the door opened, Dream's senses were immediately overwhelmed, flooded with the various scents and images of George in labour.

The omega was mid-contraction, his face scrunched up in discomfort. Dream could make out the sound of his hopeless whimpering, even through the noise and chaos, and had to bite the inside of his cheek *hard* to stop himself from just scooping George up and getting them far away.

Instead, he looked to the nurse for permission and guidance, shaking slightly with the effort required to maintain control.

She held out her hand for Dream to take, then guided him over to George to place the hand on the omega's forehead.

"Omega, your alpha is here," she softly uttered.

George's eyes flew open, tears streaming down his cheeks as he smiled a bright, heartbreakingly sweet smile.

"His name is George..." Dream quietly muttered, running his hand down to George's cheek for him to nuzzle at, while also releasing potent quantities of his soothing scent. George sighed helplessly into the gesture, looking up at Dream with tender love in his eyes.

"I thought I was alone- nnngh!- oohhh-"

Once again, George's eyes squeezed shut and he sobbed as another contraction hit.

"It's okay, Georgie. Hey, I'm here okay? I've got you." Dream looked around the room at all the midwives present, seeing subtly nodding heads and encouraging smiles. "We're *all* here for you, baby. We're gonna get through this. I love you, George."

A midwife now came over, cautious at first of Dream as she approached. When he showed no signs of hostility, the lady's demeanor seemed to relax slightly and she bent down to examine George's entrance.

The various medical staff continued to slowly warm up to Dream, the precarious atmosphere slowly becoming more familiar. By the time George had to actually start pushing, Dream was right there, side-by-side with one of the midwives, helping George through his contractions.

"Doing so well, George. In, two, three... Out, two, three... Just like we practiced at that antenatal class. Remember how much you enjoyed that?"

Dream received an exasperated eye roll in response to that little comment, and a soft, barely audible utterance of "you dick" from George. He chuckled softly, relieved by the fact that George could still match his energy, even in the throes of labour. Throughout the ordeal, Dream's admiration of George never wavered in the slightest, even through the hysterical crying, rampant cursing and ear-splitting screeching.

He'd always known George had strong lungs but holy shit!

Being an omega meant that the duration of George's labour was considerably shorter than a beta's would be, albeit considerably more painful too. But three short hours after the pair had arrived at the hospital, George laid in bed, eyes heavy with exhaustion, cradling in his arms the couple's beautiful new pup.

And then it was Dream's turn to cry.

He had fallen so completely in love with that pup the second he saw it... *her*.

The pup, weighing 3.5 kilogrammes-- or, as a doctor had translated for Dream, around 8 pounds-- was wrapped in a soft, green blanket. They even put a dumb, little hat on her tiny head to prevent her losing too much heat.

She was so perfect.

When George handed her to Dream, what was previously controlled sniffling graduated to full on weeping as he held her tiny body in his arms, rocking her ever so carefully. The alpha looked to the pup, looked to George, then looked back to the pup and started to softly giggle, overcome by the mess of emotions.

Dream handed her back over after a while, now electing to press kisses to *George's* head and face and to hold *him* tenderly. Once the praises started to spill from Dream's mouth, he couldn't stop them. And he didn't want to.

"She's so beautiful, my love. You were amazing, so brave and strong. I love you so much, George. I love you so, so much. I'm so proud of you, my love, my George. I love you." George merely hummed absentmindedly in response, clearly fighting a losing battle at that point to stay awake.

Dream continued to hold George and the pup close as the omega slept, vowing to never let her go, to protect his pack with his life, always.

As a male omega, George had needed to be kept in the hospital for several days after birth to be monitored. Naturally, Dream stayed with him, scarcely leaving his side, content as always just doting over him 24/7.

When they finally arrived home from the hospital days later, a package was waiting at the door. By now, Dream and George had already shared the good news with everyone, video calling their friends and relatives from the hospital to show off the pup. The package, when opened, contained a tiny, white headband with a note attached saying 'Sapnap can also be a girl's name'. Dream rolled his eyes, showing George the contents of the box and witnessing the omega's adorable fond smile. George then carefully handed the pup to Dream, inspecting the box and noticing an envelope tucked away.

At the bottom of the package, George found yet *another* gift card from the betas for a truly disgusting sum of money. God, Dream would definitely have to reprimand Sapnap for that one.

George tied the headband loosely around the little one's arm, watching her shake it, mesmerised by the trail of white fabric. He then took her back from Dream and made his way over to the nest he'd been building a few days before going into labour. There, George slumped down among the pillows and blankets and began wrapping himself and the pup in a cocoon of soft material. He beckoned at Dream to join, softly whining for his alpha to come nest with his omega and their pup,

but Dream had to decline, understanding that George needed food and water right now.

It became a frequent occurrence that George would neglect his own health in favour of cradling and nursing the pup in his nest. Therefore, it was *imperative* that Dream kept a close eye on George, caring for him when he forgot to care for himself.

"Let me have her for a bit. You need to bathe, George. You're covered in her fluids."

In something of a gentle, maternal haze, George started making noises of protest as Dream reached down to take the pup, growling defensively under his breath.

"Hey, hey, it's just me, okay?" Dream softly reassured him. "I've already run you a bath, baby. Let Papa take care of her while Dada relaxes in the bath. That sound good?"

George looked conflicted for a second, as he always did when Dream forced him out of the haze, then nodded slowly. "You're right. God, I'm filthy, I didn't even notice. Thanks, Dream. You're so good to us."

"You're my pack. I love you both more than the world." George kissed Dream's cheek, then Dream lifted up the pup so that George could kiss her too. "Go on now. I've got her."

In the weeks that followed, Dream learned the true meaning of sleep deprivation. It seemed that the pup had inherited George's strong lungs and she had no quarrel with screaming the house down whenever she wanted attention.

And the little monster *loved* attention.

It soon hit a breaking point and Dream could see that George was losing his mind, so he decided to invite over his mother from America. She was an omega herself and had a lot of experience raising pups. Only difference was, in her case, she'd never had an alpha like Dream helping her out.

"You know how proud I am of you, Dreamy?" she'd often say when Dream came in offering to help. "You're a much better alpha than-"

"I know, mom," he interrupted, kissing her head. "You raised me to be better, remember? That was all you."

She nodded in agreement to that. "And I see the way you are with George. So good with him, so patient. I always knew you were a good kid but you've grown into a good man as well and I can't take all the credit for that." She paused looking down at the pup in her arms and cooing. "You lucky, little thing. Got the best dads in the world and she doesn't even know it."

A few months later, George was sat on the bed with the pup at his breast as Dream walked in, bringing with him a tray of food.

"Who's hungry?"

"Ugh, *she* is," George whined, rolling his eyes at the pup. "Always hungry. She's sucking me dry, the little rascal."

"Well then it's a good thing you have *me* to replenish you, isn't it?" Dream commented, placing the

tray down on the nightstand.

George sighed, looking up at Dream and smiling at him with that familiar look of sincere gratitude in his eyes. "It is. I don't know how your mother did it alone."

"Well, you won't have to know. Because I'm always gonna be here for you, of course."

Dream came around to the other side of the bed, carefully positioning himself so that he was lying behind George. The omega took the cue and reclined himself so that he was resting his head on Dream's chest, and Dream began stroking George's hair soothingly.

"To think, all this started because you left your phone at work that one time," Dream light-heartedly mused. "And obviously, being the best person in the world, I decided to come and return it to you."

"Unannounced," George added. "Just barged into my home, almost gave me a heart attack."

Dream hummed. "True, true. But it meant I got to see you all dressed up in that adorable, little outfit."

"And you called me pretty."

"And I meant it." Dream replied without hesitation. "And I still mean it. My pretty omega, lying here nursing our pretty pup."

"She really is, isn't she?"

Dream reached his arm around, holding a finger in front of the pup's face for her to grapple at with her own tiny fingers-- she had such an adorable, strong grip. "What is she, George?"

George turned his head, suddenly finding his lips right by Dream's. He kissed him, then kissed him again and smiled so contentedly. Dream's heart was soaring, melting, swollen with love. He buried his head into George's neck and started to kiss around the scent glands as George finally answered Dream's question.

"She's so pretty."

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks sm for reading! Really hope you enjoyed my self-indulgent take on a dnf pregnancy arc. I hope it turned out okay :)

Thanks for all the comments and kudos, y'all were the reason I found the motivation to finish this at all!

Bye lads :)

## End Notes

[Hello my twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!